JOHN BULL, week ending May 15, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1926

3D EVERY THURSDAY

END THESE RENT RACKETS By The EDITOR

A DANGEROUS "ROYAL" HEALER

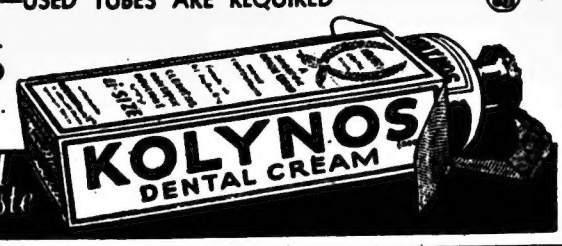
THE NEXT VITAL MONTHS By A.G.G.

SWEAR by KOLYNOS! of course

Canterbury lamb may be tender, but the men who hail from the ranches of the Dominion are tough—mighty tough! Small wonder that they have formed the spearhead of our attack in many theatres of war; for New Zealand is the home of men of courage and determination, splendid physique, fine features, and—good teeth, thanks to KOLYNOS, of course!

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

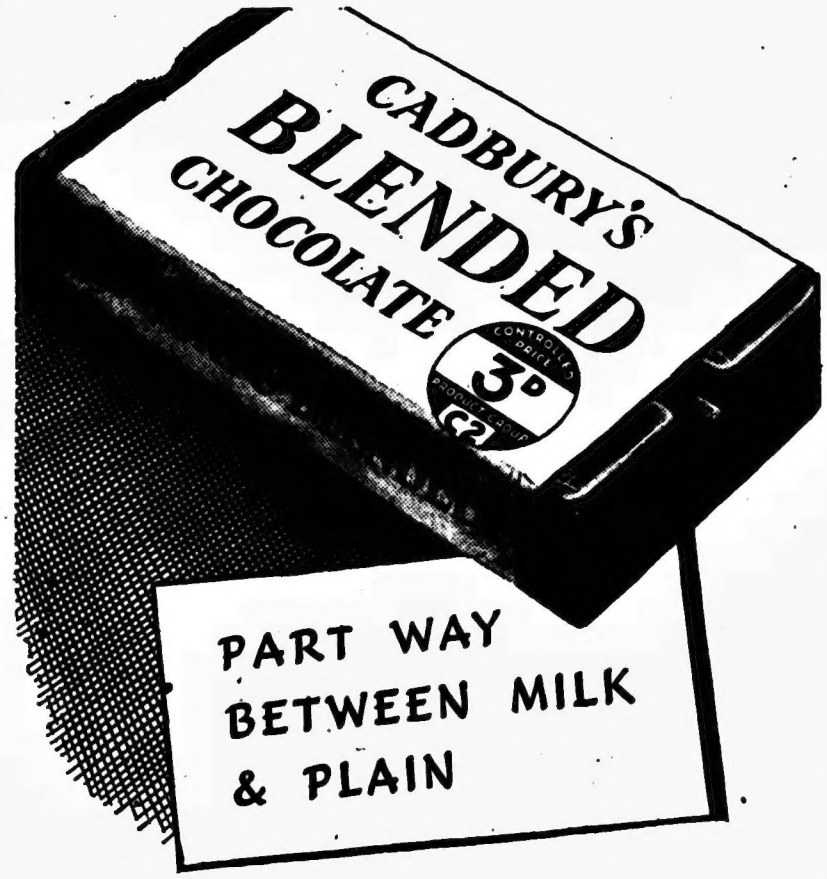
IMPORTANT.—USED TUBES ARE REQUIRED FOR MUNITIONS. RETURN THEM TO YOUR CHEMIST.



The economical tooth paste

A WELCOME WARTIME DISCOVERY . . .

Cadburys Blended Chocolate is part-way between milk chocolate and plain chocolate. Blended Chocolate contains a proportion of *separated* milk. Fresh, full-cream milk is not now available for chocolate. Cadburys Blended will be greatly welcomed by those who like a mild and smooth chocolate. *Supplies, as of all other chocolate, will of course be limited. So, remember the children!*



CADBURY MEANS QUALITY

Children have a special claim to Horlicks
—*please leave it for them*

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

WOMAN DOING MAN'S JOB
Thanks Yeast-Vite

Clapton, E.5.
April 2nd, 1943.

Dear Sirs,

Having a man's job to do, owing to the man joining up for military service, I was recommended your Yeast-Vite tablets. Having tried them, I feel ever so much better; I find they are a good pick-me-up. I used to send them to my son; he said they were the best medicine he had taken.

(Sgd.) Mrs. S.

E. Yorks.
March 17th, 1943.

Dear Sirs,

I have received benefit from Yeast-Vite and cannot speak too highly of it. It is worth its weight in gold to me. Thanking you for the benefit I have received.

(Sgd.) Mrs. G. E.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets, now in TWO SIZES ONLY, price 1/4 and 3/3 per bottle including purchase tax. Do not blame your chemist if he is temporarily out of stock, he is doing his best in these difficult days of limited supplies and restricted transport.

Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.

FOOD FACTS

MOTHER and CHILD

Of course you are anxious to do everything in your power for your baby's well-being both before he is born and afterwards. The Government wants to help expectant mothers on the important matter of diet. There's no need to worry about special food, the expectant mother wants a good mixed diet. Her own health and future well-being depend on getting the right nourishment during these nine months. And her baby's future health and strength depends on her present diet. So she must make the best use of her priorities and allowances.

An Expectant Mother needs

Milk: at least 1 pint a day. Milk builds baby's flesh and bone. *Expectant mothers can get 7 pints a week at 2d. a pint, or free.*

Cheese: her full ration. Cheese is a good builder of bone and teeth.

Eggs: (shell and dried), dried peas, beans, prunes, bread, contain iron for blood-making. *Priority shell eggs at the rate of 3 a week.*

Green Vegetables, raw and cooked, every day for vitamins.

Fish: (fresh or tinned) can take the place of meat.

Meat: but not too much — with liver if possible.

Cod Liver Oil and **Orange Juice** are important. Fruit Juice has Vitamin C, fish oil Vitamins A and D. *Take a medical certificate and your Ration Book to the Food Office and get milk authorizations and coupons for vitamins.* And don't forget to drink 3 pints of water every day.

• • •

NEW RATION BOOKS

You won't get your new Ration Book, etc., quickly unless the particulars on your present Ration Book and Identity Card are up-to-date. If the name, address, and national registration number are not correct on both, take them to the Food Office at once.

The Radio Doctor says: "The life of a child starts nine months before it is born. Feed yourself well, with a good mixed diet and you will feed the child as well."

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 148

Sturdier!

...he's eating

MORE WEETABIX
—that's why!

Weetabix builds the basis of virile manhood and lovely womanhood. It is delicious with a little butter or margarine or with fresh or powdered milk—and in lots of other appetising ways. But Weetabix has recently been "zoned," which means that for the time being you may or may not be able to get it, depending on where you live. "Zoning" saves transport, petrol, rubber, man-power, and thus helps to hasten victory and peace. Weetabix, like lots of other good things, will then abundantly and everywhere return!

Weetabix *More than a Breakfast Food*

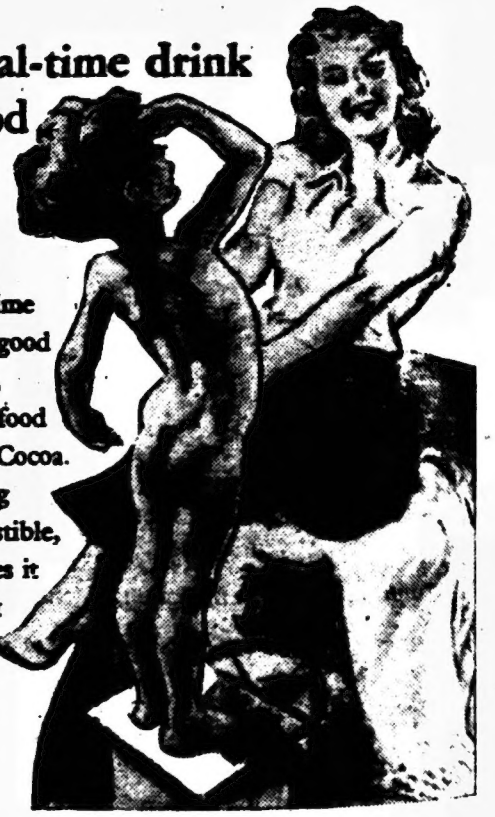
SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½P
LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 9½P

Weetabix, Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants. ZW 29

'CAMP' COFFEE

Full Strength
Fine Flavour

This meal-time drink is a food as well



Your family's regular meal-time drink can be a good body-building, energy-giving food —Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA
makes every meal go further

JOHN

Thursday, for week ending
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Te

"Come the three corners o
And we shall shock them;
If England to itself do re

Straight from the Shoulder

NOW F

WITHIN a few days the Tunisian campaign will virtually be ended, even though it may take us a week or two to reduce the last Axis garrisons.

The next phase will be war in Europe itself.

In that we should be guided by recent—and painful—lessons.

Not Cricket

We have learned that we can no longer wage war by "playing cricket." We have realised—as the Germans resolved years ago—that there is nothing disgraceful in beating an enemy by overwhelming strength as well as by superiority in strategy and tactics.

Let us also admit that war demands not only superior strength but superior speed!

Transport 'Planes

We lacked speed in the early days of the Tunisian affair. Had more transport aircraft been available, had we made better use of our airborne troops, Bizerta and Tunis would have been captured at the time of the African landings.

And Rommel would not have been able to dig in after Alexander and Montgomery had chased him out of Libya!

Ferocious Fighting

There is another fact by which we should profit.

We have been shown—as JOHN BULL predicted months ago—that the enemy will fight like a cornered rat even when he perceives that his situation is hopeless.

He has fought to the last gasp in Tunisia. He has indeed fought with a ferocity that knows no parallel outside Russia. Our recent losses have therefore been heavy.

The Next Phase

We must expect, therefore, that the enemy will fight in Europe with a still greater desperation and a more reckless savagery.

Yet we have reason for confidence. British, American and French troops have each and all fulfilled their highest traditions during the recent fighting.

"THE POSSIBILITY OF TH
GAS IS STILL A RE
The Rt. Hon. Herbert Mor

AIR RAIDS! GA

"John Bull" offers free to every reader at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attac well as comprehensive H

Readers who have not already registered "John Bull's" Insurance Department,

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 15, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

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Yet we have reason for confidence. British, American and French troops have each and all fulfilled their highest traditions during the recent fighting.

Our aerial and naval supremacy, which makes any large-scale evacuation from Tunisia a forlorn hope, will be even more valuable in the next phase of the war.

By Sea and Air

The Navy will have the task of escorting huge convoys. The R.A.F. will be asked to transport troops not by the hundred but by the thousand, besides developing the already terrific bombing offensive to the extreme limit.

Hence the need for still more 'planes, even though Britain is out-producing all Nazi Europe and the U.S.A. built 6,200 aircraft in March alone!

Beating the U-boat

At sea, too, our requirements are mounting—even though our losses are lessening.

The Nazi admiral Lutzow sadly admits that "there is no point in hiding the fact that the April sinkings were considerably lower than those of March."

Our counter-measures are beginning to prove effective. But it will be a tight squeeze to find all the shipping we require to open new fronts!

Russian Spring

A realistic balancing of the situation is equally essential when looking at the Eastern Front.

Our Russian friends are driving on in the Kuban. Moscow radio has bid the Red Army prepare for "offensive battles"—not, you will notice, defensive fighting.

It is still possible, however, that Hitler will manage to strike first.

Another Stalingrad!

His preparations are no secret. Even their aim can shrewdly be appraised.

He must try again to reach the Caucasus. And he may well decide once more that the best chance of cutting off the Russian forces in the Caucasus is to drive towards Stalingrad.

We should decide—and quickly—that the Russians can no longer withstand the strain alone!

Japanese Moves

Besides, it is possible that they are confronted by a grim menace from the Far East. A treacherous Japanese attack on the U.S.S.R. may yet materialise.

The Chinese Government warns that Japan has concentrated a million men on the Russian frontier and has recently reinforced it by another six divisions.

On the other hand, an American general in China reports that large Japanese units are being moved *away* from the frontier and sent south.

Burma on the Map

None the less, it is wise to prepare for the worst. Certainly Japan will not be supinely drowsy while we are settling our account with the senior Axis partners!

At least we should hope that JOHN BULL's advice last week—that the Cabinet should learn at first-hand the views of our military leaders on the Burma disappointment—has already been heeded. Frankness should prevent future disappointments.

Our Polish Friends

Similarly, candour might prevent further shocks in the field of diplomacy. We shall not mend the trouble between Russia and Poland by pretending it does not exist.

After the War

So let Britain speak plainly. Let us point out that this sorry business concerns more than a Goebbels' trap.

It raises the whole question of post-war international relations. On this matter our leaders should oppose any return to the old game of "power politics" in a new Europe.

Frontier Absurdities

For example, the Polish Prime Minister, General Sikorski, has outlined his plans to a newspaper which has wide circulation in America.

He suggests a confederation of the central Europe States. In such a "United States of Europe," it is clear, Poland would be paramount—and all the frontier follies of 1918 would be aggravated.

Strange Anatomy

Poland would have a long, fat neck sticking into Russia. Austria would have a long, thin neck jutting between Germany and Italy. Czechoslovakia's head would be sandwiched between Prussia and the rest of Germany. East Prussia would be an isolated State.

Real Unity

Statesmen should surely have learned something from the frontier disputes of the last quarter-century.

They should know now that economic co-operation is more important than political divisions. They should plan prosperity and contentment by an international control; as a start, they should establish a United Nations Supreme Council.

RED-TAPE LORDS

● Though permission to leave his work had been granted by an appeal tribunal to a Sheffield man, it was refused by a National Service Officer.

And, because he naturally obeyed the ruling of the tribunal, the man has been summoned and fined!

Presumably, therefore, the tribunals set up to preserve the workers' right to justice are merely wasting their time.

"Appeal if you like," says Officialdom, "but we'll ignore any decision we don't like. Heads we win, tails you lose!"

Though JOHN BULL has never joined in the clamour against "bureaucracy"—a clamour raised by the Diehard champions of uncontrolled private enterprise—there is now an obvious danger of rule by the Lords of Red Tape.

Fear of them is stultifying initiative. Thus a hand-grenade could not be removed from a field because a soldier who volunteered for the job was told to await permission from "the authorities."

With the result that, ten days later, a child was able to pick up the grenade—and was killed!

M.P.s, we must hope, will not be blind to the perils of the New Autocracy.

Too Much Sugar!

The fact is that all members of the United Nations have been slow to secure unity of purpose.

Our own Government has too often shirked this duty. It has sought to avoid awkward questions. It has spoon-fed the Press with "guidance" which contains more sugar than sense.

Slow Start

International planning has therefore been a "slow starter." As a further result, the replanning of Britain has been left locked in the stables.

At least the Government could give an earnest of its intention and a proof of its many promises. It could—and should—accept the Beveridge and Uthwatt Reports.

Muddle and Mess

The more it hesitates, the greater the danger that the public will doubt its sincerity.

Such suspicion would be a fierce brake on our war effort. Unfortunately, the Government seems incapable of framing foolproof plans even for the war period.

Wasting Labour

Man-power is a case in point. Nearly everybody is conscripted or directed—but are we *all* being used to best advantage?

One answer is that we hear of part-time women workers hanging around the factories with nothing to do.

Another, plainly, lies in the stupid restrictions on land workers. A third can be found in the posting of people to jobs far from their homes—and the needless travel by the arbitrary posting of Servicewomen.

Coal Shortage

Next, there is the coal problem.

Stern words to the pitmen by their own leaders should not be seized upon by Diehards that most miners are slacking.

There are slackers, of course. There are a few slackers in every business—even in Whitehall. But note that Jim Griffiths, M.P., has supported JOHN BULL's view that the fall in coal output is largely due to fatigue arising from strain and inadequate diet.

We shall not get more coal by overworking tired men.

(Continued overleaf)

"THE POSSIBILITY OF THE ENEMY'S USE OF GAS IS STILL A REAL ONE"

The Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P., Minister of Home Security.

AIR RAIDS! GAS ATTACKS!

"John Bull" offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion, and Bombardment, as well as comprehensive Household Benefits.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

SOME "big-wigs" at the Admiralty don't like to think of themselves as public servants.

If they had their way the Silent Service would seem just dumb; the Senior Service would be doddering.

Fortunately they don't always get their way and just now JOHN BULL is grateful to the Admiralty for two acts of real public service.

Little Ships and—

It has given us the first full account of what the men in the minesweepers are doing.

And it has issued the report of the Comptroller-General on the Navy Appropriation Account.

—Big Profits

This report shows how the taxpayers have been saved money. It shows that shipbuilders in certain cases have been making profits of between fifty and eighty per cent.

Their answer has been that the cases chosen by the Admiralty accountants are not typical. Nevertheless, the upshot is that a number of claims against the Treasury have been waived. They amount to two and a quarter million pounds!

Paying Gift

The closer watch on profits, the better. Yet the Admiralty's experts don't hear about all the tricks. . . .

A woman, invited to launch a destroyer at a northern shipyard, was surprised a few months ago to be given a platinum bracelet worth at least £100 —" to mark the occasion."

She didn't expect any gift and she didn't want one. But the shipbuilders thought it a good idea.

The £100 sent up the cost of the destroyer and their profits on a percentage basis.

Saving Savings

It is pleasanter to hear about people who want to save the Admiralty money.

Congratulations to Wayland, Norfolk, Rural Council who've refused to fix a date for the presentation to H.M.S. *Valse* of a Warships Week plaque.

SAVING ON SEASIDE!

The Admiralty wanted to arrange the date. Councillor G. W. Trollope replied: "Don't waste our savings on useless functions. We'll post on the plaque."

He's Not Helping

A Nottinghamshire advertiser doesn't seem so keen on saving.

He's tempting people with a few pounds to spare. Show you're a bit above the folk next door, he says in effect. "If your railings have been removed why not have a brick wall built *while materials and labour are still available.*"

A great help to the war effort.

Idling—By Order

We've had a letter from someone who really does want to help. But he can't. "I'm 45," he says, "a 6-ft. ex-Serviceman, as fit as can be. I went to the labour exchange, told them that I'd driven a heavy lorry for 16 years.

"They sent me to Rochester, and I got my war job. I work from 8.30 to 6 p.m. Work? I stand about or try to pretend I'm busy. Every day or so I have to drive a light Ford four miles."

Denied His Right

This man is obviously longing to do something worth-while. But the employment rules prevent him from fulfilling every patriotic citizen's right—to pull his war time weight.

His story will have a bitter interest for all the women up to 46 who are now liable to be directed into full-time "unessential" work.

Ladies First

The Control of Employment Order, which came into effect last Saturday, gives the Government power to send these women to offices, laundries and shops.

It's a pity they can't be sure that every available man isn't being used first.

Key-Worker Cook

Another man we've been told about this week was a key-worker at a Midlands colliery. He joined up to fight, and served in Norway and France. Now, at 43, he's been graded unfit for active service.

His colliery manager wants him back. He thinks he ought to go back. But the Army insists on keeping him. *As a cook.*

Intelligent Officers—

These cases of square pegs and round holes are not very common in the Army now.

Senior officers are using their brains —which really means using the brains (and the brawn) of the men under them.

A Covent Garden porter came to see JOHN BULL three or four days ago. He'd got plenty of brawn, and we want the Army to know about him quickly.

—And the Others

He's had his medical examination and is A1. The sooner he can get into the Forces the better he'll be pleased. In the meantime, he wants some work to do. No one seems to want him.

The employment exchange has no ideas. The Unemployment Assistance Board and the P.A.C. won't do anything to help. They've told him to go to the workhouse!

Not His Job

And here's another story of a man who found he wasn't wanted. A merchant seaman whose home is at Bideford, Devon, was waiting for a new ship.

He got an order to go to Glasgow, travelled the four or five hundred miles, and was then informed that nothing was known of him.

Nothing to do but go back home. He scraped together his fare of £3 4s. 6d. To get a night's rest he had to wash dishes at a canteen.

Costly Blunder

Though we owe such a lot to our merchant seamen, we don't pay them so much that they can consider £3 4s. 6d. is neither here nor there. The Merchant Navy Pool looks after seamen while they're waiting at home for a ship.

But they don't reckon to pay for stupid mistakes. Nor should the seaman.

It Wasn't Nice

There's too much talk of the fine work the Merchant Navy is doing and, very often, too little respect for the men when they're ashore.

It wasn't very nice to read recently of the Blackpool police officers posing as merchant seamen and wearing merchant seamen's badges in order to get a conviction against a working-man's club.

High-Class Wasters

The court evidence showed that this particular club appeared to be well run and it wasn't struck off. But more and more clubs deserve to be.

Not the places where the ordinary man goes for an hour in the evening, but the vicious, "high-class" dens where wasters collect in the afternoons.

£2 a Bottle

These clubs are sending up the Black Market trade in whisky by leaps and bounds. The owners will pay £2 a bottle and buy as much as they can lay their hands on.

The result is that the public-houses can't get enough whisky to go round.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- While old-time German diplomats have been sent to neutral countries to present the case of a "moderate Germany," all key posts inside Ribbentrop's Foreign Office have now been staffed with radical S.S. men.
- **Average duty service of Nazi-Fascist bosses in Balkans is from four to six months before return home on "medical grounds." In the last year nearly 50 have been killed and over 200 wounded by patriots.**
- *Quisling Prime Minister of Czecho-Slovakia, Father Tiso, has linked up with Hungary in hope of contacting Allies for favourable consideration in event of Axis defeat.*
- The more foreign workers go to Germany the more dislocation of food supplies. There's no actual food shortage, but arrival of thousands of foreigners in one district forces authorities to let population go short.
- **Removal of industries from the Rhineland is adding to the confusion caused by Allied bombings. Thousands of key workers have "disappeared" in the process of wholesale factory evacuation.**
- Turkey has been asked by Germans to sell back stocks of drugs forced on her in trade agreements. Medicine manufacture in Axis countries has never been so small, with little prospect of increase.
- **Portuguese Premier Salazar has warned Berlin that German contacts with neutrals through Lisbon may be cut off unless Nazi diplomatic agents stop abuse of privileges.**
- *Fiat works in Turin—what is left of them after R.A.F. visits—are being transferred to South-Eastern Austria, to one of Goering's factories.*
- General Smuts hopes to re-visit England after next South African general elections to help with planning the peace.

- **We've just heard from Bruce Bairnsfather, who's with the American Forces. He tells us he had to climb to the top of some scaffolding to do one o' his latest "Old Bills."**

It was a super life-size in oils on the nose of a Flying Fortress.

"I'd hardly finished on the Fortress," says Bairnsfather, "when I had a request from an R.A.F. station in Suffolk for a big painting of 'Bill' for a bomber being named 'W for William.' So two 'Old Bills' will soon be blasting the Hun."

Landlords can't charge fabulous prices. And decent people can't have a drink when they want one.

Starting Right

It was good to know of the Ministry of Health's plans for fighting tuberculosis.

We understand that so far only Lancashire has got its miniature radiographs, but the Ministry is doing everything possible to make this wonder apparatus available all over the country.

The point is that it helps to detect the disease long before it can become serious. And gives every would-be victim a fine, new chance of health.

Thank You, Mr. Brown

Thank you for what you're doing, Mr. Ernest Brown. Will you do something else for us? A memo from your Ministry will help one of our readers, and probably scores of other T.B. sufferers.

This reader—a young woman—came out of a sanatorium some time ago and went to live in the London borough of St. Pancras.

There's a Way

She was immediately allowed two pints of milk a day. The doctors knew it was essential. But when she moved south of the river to Wandsworth her supply was cut to a pint a day. The Wandsworth authorities say they can't spare two pints.

St. Pancras could do it. Perhaps Wandsworth will find a way—if they get a note from Whitehall.

Free These Beds

The Health authorities will also have to do something quickly about the shortage of hospital beds. It's getting more serious every day.

Even people with internal trouble, which cannot be diagnosed properly without surgical exploration, are having to go on long waiting lists. The Ministry of Health will have to free more beds.

Wait or Pay Up

School doctors tell parents that their children must have this or that operation. It is essential.

Then the parents find they must wait perhaps five months before the nearest hospital can take the child.

The alternative is a nursing home operation, carried out by a visiting surgeon, at a fee the parents of most council school children can't possibly afford.

Weed Merchant

Beware the benign stranger who ingratiates himself and shows a remarkable (but rather costly) vegetable seed he has just bought.

If you are foolish, you end up by buying half for a shilling or so. He explains they wouldn't let him have less than an ounce.

Ten to one, like a Middlesex reader, you are buying some weed of the hedgerows.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAV

END T

OUTSIDE the Ministry of H questions the existen country of a shocking racket.

But inside the Ministry Mr. is still in a brown study, "*situation with the greatest car*

"It *may* be," he tells Parliam there is any case for general actio a way of dealing with particular proof that the condition is acute."

For that superb collection "may's" Mr. Brown wins the bi and the championship in catc wrestling with meaningless words.

But he will not satisfy Jo this sort of chaff. We warn unless he wakes up and gets bus soon be a vacancy for a new Health.

Up to a month ago Mr. Brown to angry questions in the House not think there *was* much profit and that, at all events, he had littl

But evidence has been force masses of it from all quarters, a convincing than that which we proffered in these columns.

When he could ignore it no tested weakly that the recently s lance committees could deal with

Still, he would not admit vigorous Government action on scale; even now he asks for *proof* dition"—the letting of furnishe extortionate rents—"is acute."

May we be granted patience, him proof for the hundredth time

FIRST, however, we must point boroughs *have* no vigilance that Whitehall has no rig "pass the buck" to local authorit

Now let us patiently remind the housing shortage itself is u nitely and obviously "*acute.*"

Advertisements in local pape country will convince him just must be, since rewards of £10 t monly offered for information wh possession of any little house.

Again, let him look at the ou which are being asked and obtaine perty. In Scotland three-bedroom been changing hands at £1,200, mium.

There is a notorious shortage tion in rural districts. Lord Bea tence on the need for building, 30,000, new cottages for farm labo moderate.

Finally, the Government that we shall need at least houses after the war. That adm should convince Mr. Brown tha housing shortage is definitely "

Given, then, the acute shortag is not looking at life through t dust of departmental windows expect attempts by greedy indiv by it.

The public foresaw the prese it began. The Federation of Tena was formed in 1938, and by 194 members.

But it has always had to face The tendency of local aut courage their officials from givin mation which would assist them against local landlords.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By the EDITOR

END THESE RENT RACKETS

OUTSIDE the Ministry of Health nobody questions the existence in this country of a shocking war time rent racket.

But inside the Ministry Mr. Ernest Brown is still in a brown study, "*watching the situation with the greatest care.*"

"It *may* be," he tells Parliament, "that, *if* there is any case for general action, there *may* be a way of dealing with particular cases, *if* we get proof that the condition is acute."

For that superb collection of "if's" and "may's" Mr. Brown wins the biscuit, the bun, and the championship in catch-as-catch-can wrestling with meaningless words.

But he will not satisfy JOHN BULL with this sort of chaff. We warn him that—unless he wakes up and gets busy—there will soon be a vacancy for a new Minister of Health.

Up to a month ago Mr. Brown's stock answer to angry questions in the House was that he did not think there *was* much profiteering in rents and that, at all events, he had little evidence of it.

But evidence has been forced upon him—masses of it from all quarters, and none more convincing than that which we have so often proffered in these columns.

When he could ignore it no longer, he protested weakly that the recently set up rent vigilance committees could deal with the trouble.

Still, he would not admit the need for vigorous Government action on a nation-wide scale; even now he asks for *proof* that "the condition"—the letting of furnished premises at extortionate rents—"is acute."

May we be granted patience, and we will give him proof for the hundredth time!

FIRST, however, we must point out that many boroughs *have* no vigilance committees, and that Whitehall has no right whatever to "pass the buck" to local authorities.

Now let us patiently remind Mr. Brown that the housing shortage itself is undeniably, definitely and obviously "*acute.*"

'Advertisements in local papers all over the country will convince him just how "acute" it must be, since rewards of £10 to £20 are commonly offered for information which may lead to possession of any little house.

Again, let him look at the outrageous prices which are being asked and obtained for house property. In Scotland three-bedroomed houses have been changing hands at £1,200, *plus* £200 premium.

There is a notorious shortage of accommodation in rural districts. Lord Beaverbrook's insistence on the need for building, not 3,000, but 30,000, new cottages for farm labourers is strictly moderate.

Finally, the Government has admitted that we shall need at least 4,000,000 new houses after the war. That admission in itself should convince Mr. Brown that the general housing shortage is definitely "*acute*" to-day.

Given, then, the acute shortage, any man who is not looking at life through the cobwebs and dust of departmental windows would naturally expect attempts by greedy individuals to profit by it.

The public foresaw the present racket before it began. The Federation of Tenants' Associations was formed in 1938, and by 1940 it had 300,000 members.

But it has always had to face three obstacles: The tendency of local authorities to discourage their officials from giving tenants information which would assist them in proceeding against local landlords.

The endeavour of lawyers—sometimes local councillors themselves — to bluff disgruntled tenants by serving improper, if not illegal, notices to quit. And—

The failure of sanitary inspectors to enforce the law in some cases.

Even so, various bodies of this kind have done much service, and vigilance committees, where they have been formed, have compelled at least a small percentage of profiteers to disgorge their profits.

In East Finchley, for instance, not less than £800 was recovered in excessive rent charges made in only eleven roads!

In Wimbledon, which has no vigilance committee, the local Labour Party, forming its own Rent Advisory Committee, has forced landlords to refund £3,000 to overcharged tenants during the past three years.

It may not be generally known that the Rent Restrictions Act applies to 90 per cent. or thereabouts of all lettings in this country, though the position in regard to actual houses is more definite than in regard to furnished and even unfurnished apartments.

But both of these latter are in immense demand and grievously short supply. The consequence is that the racket in flat and room rents flourishes exceedingly.

Nevertheless, Mr. Brown observed only last month that he had "no power" to fix maximum prices for furnished or unfurnished flats in London, and, presumably, in other towns!

This is nothing but a confession of weakness or incompetency.

For furnished rooms in the West End are being let at anything up to seven guineas a week and furnished flats at anything up to twenty! And the same sort of profiteering is rampant in the provinces.

Victimised tenants either dare not protest or do not know their rights. In March, Mr. Brown said he was taking steps to deal with the unfurnished rooms racket, and that, at his request, several areas were being "specially watched."

We can only conclude that they are still being watched by the Ministry's sleepier night watchmen, for profiteering continues as before both in furnished and unfurnished rooms.

What the country wants, and what we demand in the plainest terms, is immediate Government action to STOP this wicked ramp.

We suggest that the Ministry of Health should take immediate emergency powers to fix and maintain maximum prices for furnished and unfurnished rooms.

That it should encourage and, if necessary, initiate the prosecution of rogues who charge key-money or defy the law in other ways, and press for the maximum penalty where the offence is proved.

That it should extend its poster campaign until every local authority has informed the public in big type and clear words of its rights.

And that it should give all local councils its 100 per cent. backing in the prosecution of profiteers, intervening directly in any areas where complaining tenants are being dissuaded from action or intimidated out of their rights.

WE say that all rent payers should be encouraged to seek information from the local authorities, and that every genuine complaint should be investigated at once.

In Liverpool, for instance, the Rent Vigilance Committee recently investigated 342 complaints, secured the return of nearly £400 overcharged to tenants, and in forty-five cases found landlords ready to make rent reductions immediately the overcharge was called to their attention.

But the general problem can only be tackled successfully by resolute central direction from the Ministry of Health, widespread and bold publicity throughout the country, and the sharp punishment of all convicted profiteers.

So—perhaps for the last time—we are hammering once more at the door of Mr. Brown's study and trying to wake him up to do the job which is expected of him and for which he is paid.

Shy Inventor We'd All Like to Know

AMERICA has paid us the compliment of adopting our points rationing scheme.

Indeed, describing it as one of the most revolutionary economic and social experiments of our time, she is extending it.

Somewhere in Britain, therefore, there should be an inventor who is feeling pretty proud.

★ ★ ★

But who IS he? The Ministry of Food doesn't know!

It isn't Lord Woolton, popularly regarded as the originator. He won't even plead guilty to improving the original idea, although everybody knows he has.

In plain fact, although the idea originated and developed within the Ministry of Food, nobody there either claims to be the inventor or to know who he is!

Points rationing is something more than "giving to each according to his need"—on the basis of the old Socialist precept.

The Ministry of Food has, indeed, set itself up as a complete Bank of England.

It started by issuing a complete currency of its own in the shape of 700,000,000 points coupons.

A currency has to have a backing—usually of gold.

But the Ministry of Food gave it a food backing. In fact, the backing is the quantity of non-perishable foodstuffs of certain kinds available for distribution.

To begin, everybody was given a fair share of this currency of 700,000,000 points, which has grown to a total circulation of 1,000,000,000 points now that the food backing has increased proportionately.

And each gets his own "wealth" in points restored to him at the end of each rationing month—the retailers having, in effect, returned them to the Ministry of Food, who issue them again.

All this may explain a lot you don't understand about the points rationing scheme.

You may wonder, for instance, why more points are demanded for a commodity of which the shops seem to have plenty.

★ ★ ★

What has happened is that various Food Divisions (a division being in charge of a certain number of commodities) has said to Lord Woolton: "We are getting too much of such-and-such."

"We've got too many dried peas in the shops—and the new crop will be coming soon." Or: "There's a shipment of dried fruits due, and the demand has dropped for the stuff that's already in the shops."

So Lord Woolton offers perhaps a dozen foods at a reduced number of points.

But because this currency of his really has to have a food-backing, he is compelled to demand more points for other foods so this strange paper-"money" of his has proper coverage.

Some time ago it was realised that treacle and syrup had to be taken off the direct preserve ration because people insisted on having jam, and left the other to accumulate.

★ ★ ★

To sell them on "first come, first served" principles would have been to encourage queues and shop-crawling and handicap housewives with little shopping time or slender purses.

So they went on points. So, too—for the first time—supply governs demand just as much as demand governs supply. Indeed, many old economic tenets are made to look silly by this new Food-Bank.

It is a revolution that has stolen on us unawares. And who the Father of the Revolution is, we have no idea!

OPEN LETTERS

Miss JUANITA FRANCES, Chairman, Married Woman's Assn.

DEAR MISS FRANCES,—The case of John Blackwell, who was allowed at Oxford County Court a claim for £103 standing to his wife's credit in a co-operative society, has aroused you, and rightly so, to anger.

It gives further proof, if any were needed, not only of the stupid inequalities of the law, but of the whole unfair social structure of the country as it affects the two sexes.

A wife is, or should be, more than a housekeeper. She should be an equal partner, carrying her fair share of domestic joys—and sorrows.

She toils—and her toil should be rewarded. Your suggestion that her reward should be a half share of whatever is left after housekeeping expenses are paid is one that will cause shudders to many a husband whose economic idea of marriage is to dole out grudgingly money to meet the week's bills.

Men are strongly entrenched in authority. So far as domestic reform is concerned they are as reactionary as the most blue-blooded diehards. But they realise that things are not what they were, and that wives are no longer unchampioned chattels of the hearth.

British wives are doing a grand job these days. It's time the husbands made a grand gesture to them. —JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Lord BLEDISLOE, President of the Empire Day Movement

MY LORD,—Your suggestion that everywhere in Britain this year there should be some observance of Empire Day, May 24, is one which I heartily approve.

May I hope that on that day there is in the hearts of those who give a thought to the Empire a spirit of humility and gratitude as well as of pride?

We should be humble because of the sacrifices of Britons, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, and others who make up the Empire's band of brothers.

We should be grateful because the Empire saved the world when it seemed doomed.

And we should resolve that this Commonwealth of Nations shall play a foremost part in shaping a new world freed from national rivalries and suspicions, exploitation of "backward peoples," and social inequalities!—JOHN BULL.

Capt. the Hon. QUINTIN HOGG, M.P., Hailsham, Sussex

DEAR CAPT. HOGG,—At the age of 35 you are unusually enlightened. Eton and Oxford, where you had a brilliant academic career, have aroused not only your social conscience but have transformed you into that *rara avis* a Conservative with vision and courage.

You protested in the House of Commons that if people lived in mean, dirty, insanitary and overcrowded conditions, it was no use telling them they were free and equal citizens; and you warned that if we failed to provide clean and healthy living conditions we were condemning ourselves to class warfare for many years to come.

Out of the slums comes forth bitterness. Dirt and squalor breed disease. And what parents can be good citizens when their children waste away in sunless, sordid streets?

You, and the group of young Conservative M.P.s associated with you, have the sense to realise these unhappy truths. You know that the lines "The rich man in his castle, the poor man at his gate" are all—pardon the word—boloney.

And I feel that in the world you want to build there will be no more boloney dished out to the masses.

Homes fit to bring up children in are one of the nation's needs. Keep fighting for them until you see them rising in good, sweet air, and until the last dreary slum crashes to the ground in ruin.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir WALTER J. WOMERSLEY, M.P., Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—I admire the way you have succeeded in life. Your education began at a board school in Bradford.

At the age of ten you were one of the exploited—a halftimer in a factory. Two years later you were a shop boy.

To-day you draw £2,000 a year as one of His Majesty's Ministers.

Good going! I wish I could say the same about the way you have handled your job at the Pensions Ministry. But I can't.

Yours should be a department of justice, mercy and gratitude. Instead it seems to be governed by a policy of haggling, evasion and a meanness that cries to high Heaven.

You may have noticed that the British Legion recently announced that it has 500 pensions cases awaiting the urgent consideration of the new Tribunals.

In addition to these there must be thousands of claims which are not being handled by ex-Service associations.

The well-being of the men who have fought and suffered for Britain—for you, for me—is a matter very dear to my heart.

Since the year began I have received and dealt with 463 pensions queries. In many instances I have managed to spur your Ministry into action.

Ex-Servicemen don't want charity or gratitude. They want only fair play.

Their number is growing, and it is obvious that when the promised tribunals are set up to judge the claims of war sufferers who have been denied pensions, they will have to tackle huge arrears.

As far back as 1940 I urged that such tribunals be formed. Now I realise that nine are not enough.

Victims of the war, some hungry, some ill, must not be kept waiting.

They did not wait at Dunkirk, in Greece, in Crete. They didn't pause to count the possible cost—as your Ministry seems to be doing.

The tribunals, when they are functioning, will only touch the fringe of the pensions problem. I would like to see a complete revision of the Royal Warrant *and* an increase in basic pension rates.

The present payments keep heroes on the poverty line. You as a boy knew poverty. As a Minister you should try to free others of its shadow—especially when those others are men whom this country should be proud and grateful to compensate.

You can afford to be generous. You have had "time to pay" and you haven't come up to scratch. And the longer you delay the more the poor, unsung victims of the war become embittered and hungry.

Do the big thing, Sir Walter. Be swift in action. Be just, and, above all, be human. These are the qualities which make a Minister into a great man.—JOHN BULL.

His pension rates keep heroes on the poverty line. Having himself tasted the bitterness of poverty as a boy, will he not give to all disabled ex-Servicemen the decent conditions they have so amply earned?

ARGUE IT OUT

By PALLAS

BIGGER THAN PROFITS

IN the days of Victoria when the face of Britain was changing and the murky tide of industrialism was steadily encroaching on the countryside there was little or no link between business and morality.

Ironmasters and mill owners, who exploited their fellows shamelessly six days a week, returned pious thanks to their Creator on the seventh day.

* * *

They lived in luxury and housed their workers in slums. They had no regard for the decencies of life.

In short, they divorced morality from business, pursued high profits, and ignored any twinges of conscience they may have had.

Lancashire was one of the blackest of the black areas. Tiny half-timers, pale, weary and underfed, toiled in the cotton mills. Youngsters were driven into coalmines at an early age.

Lancashire was not the only area of industrial iniquity. But I have cited that county because out of Manchester, following the traditional rôle of that city in advanced thought, has come a lead which cannot be ignored.

Fourteen Lancashire professional and business men have drawn up a "Layman's Creed," aimed at raising the standard of business morality and helping in the solution of post-war problems.

The three main articles of the creed are:

Adhesion to the pledged word;

Honesty between man and man, and nation and nation; and

Kindness and tolerance.

Only the fundamental principles of Christianity, say the men who drew up the creed, can provide the necessary touchstone on which our post-war policy should be based.

There is nothing startling or new in the principles they affirm. Honesty, fidelity, kindness and tolerance are common, everyday virtues. They *should* be observed in business as in every other phase of life.

* * *

Business is not the breeding-ground of sound ethics. The man who gets the better of his rival by legitimate, if unscrupulous, methods is admired—perhaps feared. He has "pulled a fast one."

"You can't mix sentiment with business" is one of those stupid ideas which has served as a guiding principle to many a business man who prides himself on driving a hard bargain.

That is the sop to the conscience which whispers now and again that business methods are not so clean and fair as they should be.

Cynics will say that the "Layman's Creed" looks fine—on paper. And they will doubtless add that until the profit motive is swept away as a social anachronism, a certain amount of mud will stick to business, big and small.

* * *

This revivalist call from Lancashire is proof that the mud is there. But it would seem scarcely necessary to stress the need for keeping the pledged word and for honesty between man and man.

A dishonest firm should destroy itself by its own dishonesty. A man who cannot keep his word should not hope to succeed.

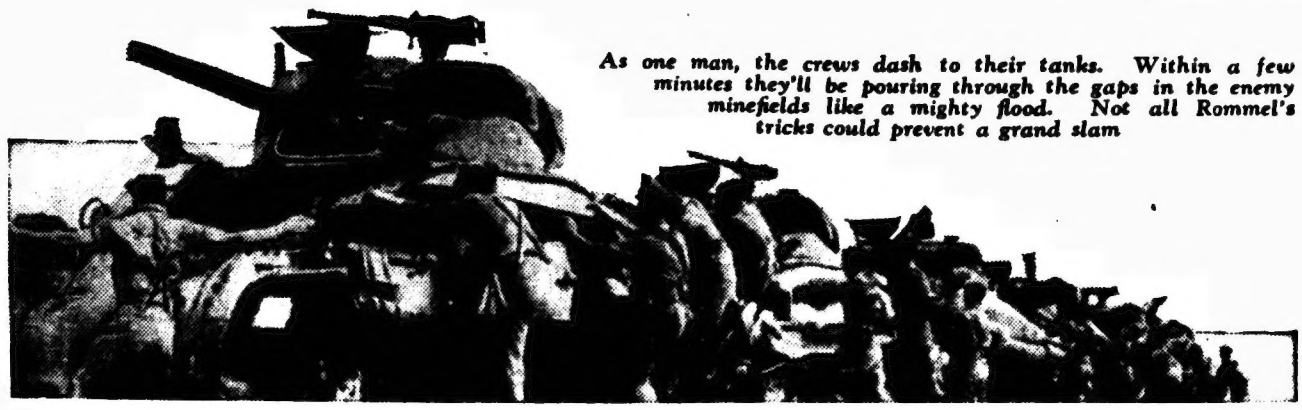
Few individuals and still fewer firms are successful without observing the golden rules of honesty and good faith. They are indispensable to goodwill. And without goodwill no firm can flourish.

Kindliness and tolerance are different. They are outside old concepts of business; they have no bearing on trade itself.

That some men believe these qualities should be brought into the orbit of trade is a hopeful straw in the industrial wind.

Trumping Fifty of Rommel's Tricks

★ *Gunners playing leap-frog under fire; a mighty flood of tanks following a wall of shells; superb organisation—and our finest infantry—sent the Eighth Army crashing through Rommel's lines*



As one man, the crews dash to their tanks. Within a few minutes they'll be pouring through the gaps in the enemy minefields like a mighty flood. Not all Rommel's tricks could prevent a grand slam

MONTY'S CONQUERORS By MAURICE FAGENCE

IT was at 9.30 on the brilliantly moonlit night of October 23 last that the battle began which was destined to spell the doom of Rommel's legions.

Before that we had always been hopelessly outnumbered. That's why Rommel was something of a legend. That's why the illusion that his troops were something of supermen.

At home in "Blighty" it was 7.30 p.m. The last performances had begun in the cinemas. The children had just gone to bed.

A 1918 Barrage

It was at such a moment that the British guns—one to every twenty-three yards over a big front—roared suddenly into their most ear-splitting, nerve-shattering roar since 1918.

A cold night, yet the gunners were stripped to the waist. Human chains passed the ammunition forward as fast as hands could move. And they were greasy, sweaty hands. Bruised hands. Blistered hands.

For twenty minutes we were to maintain that wall of fire which made the Germans think that the whole of hell was disgorging itself at El Alamein. Then the infantry was to go forward.

But let us first spare a thought for men who are already in action. Tired men. Men whose back muscles just wouldn't go straight again. Sappers.

They are out there among the minefields already, sweeping lanes through these belts of deadly canisters.

The enemy had distributed them along his front to a depth of 14,000 yards. Yes, I know that 14,000 yards is eight miles, but the Army measures such distances in yards.

See the sappers going forward perilously, laboriously, yard by yard, swinging their vacuum-cleaner-like mine-detectors ahead of them as they moved, and you'll know why.

He's a cunning enemy. He doesn't lay his mines in rows, because that might make it easier for you to penetrate the fields. He staggers them.

He Makes Us Think

And sometimes there are no mines. Then he does his best to make you think there are more there than anywhere.

He has fifty tricks for deceiving you in that manner. Labelling a mineless patch with warning messages to his own troops, or surrounding them with strands of barbed wire, is only one way.

You came across dud booby-traps with wires or twigs set as if to detonate them. And there again there are fifty tricks.

And just as you get careless in moving them you come across more twigs or wire which are not fixed to booby-traps this time but to the real article. And one second of thoughtlessness would cost you your life.

These sappers did their job well.

Not till they reported that paths had been cleared could the armour advance.

And that wicked barrage started it.

The scheme was a simple one read in cold type.

Infantry and light artillery would push forward to establish bridgeheads on the other side of the minefields, wiping out anti-tank guns as they advanced.

And then the chance of our tanks would come.

Let us follow a Royal Horse Artillery gunner who moved forward when that wall of fire died down:

"We were supporting the 51st Highland Division and a New Zealand Division," he said, "and we moved forward through the night.

"There were hundreds of enemy guns littered about in the minefields, and more beyond them in extremely well-camouflaged positions. And we had to silence them.

"It isn't easy. The Germans have a habit of hiding a reserve gun crew behind the next ridge—in some cases many gun crews.

"You silence a gun, and move on to a new target, only to find that the silenced gun has become noisy again with a new crew—which is *your* peril.

"A costly business in men for the Nazis, for often you bump off one crew after another, just as if they were so many ninepins."

For the first two days this work was helped by pictures of the enemy's defences taken by the R.A.F. under great difficulties.

It was a sort of leap-frog, with our gunners subduing the enemy artillery by day to enable our infantry to advance at night, our infantry digging in by night while the artillery softened the German gunners for their next daylight push forward, and so on.

Moving Batteries

And, as our tanks rumbled into movement and pushed forward, the enemy abandoned static gun positions, and we had to deal with enemy batteries that were always shifting.

Then we had to fire our guns by sound-ranging, flash-spotting, predictor fire and direct observation.

Rommel was certainly lavish with the lives of his gunners.

Each gun would have at least one reserve crew in hiding beyond the next ridge—sometimes many reserve crews.

Just when we thought we had got a gun silenced, and had moved on to a new target, that gun would become murderous again.

But Montgomery was never anything but thorough.

When three regiments of artillery found themselves up against a really tough nut of a target they could instantly turn all their seventy-two guns on to it, crushing all enemy opposition at a given spot before seeking new victims.

One gun out of the seventy-two would fire to find the range, lifting or dropping a few yards, or sweeping a trifle left or right until it hit the target—and then all the seventy-two would open out.

Our move forward was irresistible.

We were pouring through the gaps in the minefields in a mighty flood—and nothing the enemy could do could stop us.

It was all so mercilessly precise and methodical. Think on that, you who think the name British synonymous with muddle.

The telephones which the Signals took forward so they could report when they had established gaps through the minefields were of great use to the Military Police, who waved the Army through the gaps as the London police shepherd a convoy across Piccadilly Circus.

Shepherding an Army

All the time new gaps were being made.

This news was flashed through to these military traffic "cops," who immediately diverted sufficient of the traffic to them to ensure that the Eighth Army moved forward as speedily as humanly possible, offering as little target possible to the enemy as it did so.

You don't want me to tell you about the fighting. You know how these men fought. It is all so recent.

Better to tell you what happened in the wake of that all-conquering Army.

The railway to Tobruk had been destroyed at hundreds of points. And always at the most difficult points.

Our sappers rebuilt it almost as fast as the Army fought its way forward.

The one road had been destroyed, too. And the enemy had cut down the telegraph poles and laid mines round the stumps.

The sappers saw to that, too—and still managed to keep up pretty well with the victorious Eighth Army.

For instance, the enemy had blown up the road on the escarpment leading into Barce. And there was another huge mine at the spot, waiting a touch to go off.

Brigade sent back word: "Give us twelve beefy sappers. We know 'em. They'll do it in two hours."

The sappers had to grope through tons of soil for the string that would set off the second mine. Having cut it, they filled the hole already made with 5-cwt. boulders.

And, because Nature doesn't supply 5-cwt. boulders in unlimited supplies, they had to break up bigger ones with dynamite.

Yet they did the job, and properly surfaced it, with time to spare.

On which they got another message from the still advancing Army: "Road on the escarpment into Benghazi has been blown up, too. Crater 65 ft. deep. Must get brigade through in eight hours. Can you help?"

Help? Those beefy sappers just said "Strewth!" and set off—and did the job in less than *three* hours.

Result? Our troops reached Tobruk on November 20. They pushed on with confidence because by November 27 *all services* had reached there.

The railway was running as if nothing had ever happened to affect it. The road had been taped on both sides to the outer lines up to which all mines had been cleared, and was working to full capacity.

Full supplies of food, water and ammunition were getting through. And communication was as instantaneous and certain as in the London Toll Area—which implies no criticism of the G.P.O.'s toll service!

At last we were doing things in the BIG WAY. And the result—an enemy who, for all his much-talked-of traditional military thoroughness, was running as fast as legs and wheels could carry him.

NEXT WEEK:
Secrets of the Eighth Army's Methods.

Chosen People

SOMETHING new in the way of legends will go down to future generations of the Meru tribe.

Its preface was written when a twin-engined R.A.F. 'plane, in difficulties in the African skies, came down to a forced landing on the upper slopes of Mount Kenya, way up beyond the belt of giant bamboos that fringes the highest forest zone.

★ ★ ★

When the crew, led by their pilot, a 27-year-old warrant officer from Didcot, Berkshire, climbed out, they found themselves in a barren wilderness.

Travelling along rhino, buffalo and elephant trails, they blazed a way through to the habitations of men, where they posed the almost impossible problem of salvaging the 'plane.

Impossible, that is, until somebody thought of the Meru tribesmen.

When the position was explained to the headmen, the tribe promptly volunteered in a body

Working from dawn to dusk in conditions Arctic-like in their severity, and with ever-anxious eyes on the skies for signs of the rainy season, they hacked and filled in a runway out of the rugged mountainside.

They kept at it ceaselessly for a month, heaving rocks, felling trees and dragging them up the slopes to bridge gullies in the path of the runway, stamping down the surface with their feet.

Then they carved a mile-long track from the point of the forced landing, and manhandled the plane to the start of its take-off at the end of the runway.

★ ★ ★

The great moment had arrived.

The plane soared perfectly off, circled over its saviours amid scenes of terrific excitement, and made off towards its base That same night the rains came.

Already the legend is spreading through the native villages of how "Kingee George's aeroplane" was saved—and of how the Meru were chosen for the task.

P. S.

THE NEXT VITAL MONTHS

★ Our target for the summer can now be seen clearly. By taking accurate aim, we may win far sooner than we have dared to expect. Hitler, no longer fighting for victory, is menaced by a grave weakness in Germany itself

By A. G. GARDINER

I SHOULD like to-day to stress the urgency of speed. Summer is here. We have the enemy on the ropes and our purpose should be to have him out of the ring before the leaves fall.

It is imperative, of course, that we should not gamble recklessly on that goal. We must have our plans for 1944, even, as Mr. Churchill has hinted, for 1945.

But our purpose should be Victory this summer.

The need of speed is twofold. Every day the war lasts the wreckage of Europe becomes more desperate and the task of salvaging it more formidable.

* * *

And it is to be remembered that when we have beaten Germany we still have a mighty Power to meet on the other side of the world. The longer the war lasts here the harder it will be there.

JAPAN IS BEING HELD, BUT NOTHING MORE. SHE IS IN POSSESSION OF THE PACIFIC, AND THE WAR IN EUROPE IS ENABLING HER TO DIG HERSELF IN AND EXPLOIT THE VAST RESOURCES SHE HAS SEIZED.

The longer that exploitation is permitted the greater will be the difficulty of crushing her when the job is really taken in hand.

For every year the war is prolonged in Europe two years may well be added to the war in the Pacific. And till that war is over the restoration of the world cannot be seriously begun.

There is another consideration. China is the greatest unused asset we have. Give her arms and Japan's number is up.

But to do that we must win back Burma, and that cannot be done till the victory in Europe is an accomplished fact or so nearly accomplished that we and America can divert overwhelming forces from the West to the East.

* * *

How can we force the pace? In hazarding an answer to that question it is necessary to consider what Hitler—if he is still the man we have to reckon with—has in mind.

HE IS NO LONGER FIGHTING FOR VICTORY. HE IS FIGHTING TO DODGE DEFEAT. HE IS LOCKED IN HIS FORTRESS AND RINGED ROUND WITH FIRE. HIS MILITARY POWER IS STILL GREAT, BUT IT IS NO LONGER HIS CHIEF HOPE.

It has become the instrument of his political strategy. Its function is to enable him to hold out until the enemy is weary, until there is a breach in their ranks, until he has been able to buy off Russia on the one hand or Britain and America on the other.

He is a rat in a trap and there is no bargain that will give him a chance of escape which he is not prepared to make.

BUT IN THIS STRATEGY OF EXHAUSTION HE HAS ONE GRAVE WEAKNESS. IT IS INTERNAL. THERE IS NO NEED TO INDULGE IN "WISHFUL THINKING" ABOUT GERMANY TODAY.

The gloom that pervades that country is proclaimed, as it were, from Goebbels' housetop.

It sobs in the broadcasts. It permeates the newspapers. It seeps through every channel into the neutral countries—Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey. The flight from the cities, the sabotage, the treason trials, the executions, all witness it.

A miasma of defeatism saturates the nation. The German Terror has swung full circle and has come home to roost and to stay —in Germany.

It is this internal weakness that points the way in which we can force the pace to victory. It was the home front in Germany that cracked first in the last war. It is the home front that will crack first in this war.

And the speed with which it cracks depends upon the speed with which we act. It depends especially upon the force and instancy with which we can convince the German people that the war they planned for others is about to engulf them.

It has been the cardinal doctrine of German war-mongering that wars had to be fought away from home. Even in the last war no drop of blood fell on German soil apart from the brief episode of the invasion of East Prussia.

* * *

And nothing was more unthinkable to Hitler and Goering when they set out to conquer Europe than that at the end of four years their cities would be in ruins and their sacred soil sodden with blood.

They have had a terrible awakening. And the cause of that awakening is one of the pointers to Victory Now. There is a strong school of expert thought, especially in America, which holds the view that we can "bomb the Nazis out of the war" before Christmas. In an article in the "Reader's Digest," Mr. Vivian Drake says:

> *"Facts now released indicate that if the R.A.F. had been able to sustain its 1,000-plane raids from June on, Germany might have been industrially paralysed by last Christmas. They indicate that Germany could be knocked out before next Christmas if the right steps were taken now."*

Whether or not bombing alone could bring Germany down, there is no doubt that it is a major instrument of Victory Now.

It carries the war into the keep, the holy of holies of Hitler's fortress. It paralyses his industrial power. It weakens his military power. Above all, it shatters the morale of the home front which is now Hitler's most vulnerable heel.

British troops dash from the landing barges to scale the cliffs. A rehearsal for the day, soon to dawn, when they will surmount the walls of Hitler's European fortress!

* * *

But though the bomber blazes the path to early victory, other forces must consummate the victory. And those forces are mobilised for action as they have never been mobilised before.

For the first time we are on the offensive. For the first time we have the prospect of a united strategy. The enemy is reeling back in his fortress from a series of staggering blows—in Russia, in Africa, on his industrial power-house at home.

New Nazi Spy Chief Will Hel

SILENCE surrounds the new German spy chief, Kaltenbrunner, as it surrounded Admiral Canaris, his predecessor.

But there is great significance in his appointment.

It all began when the mysterious Canaris was sitting in his office in the German War Department, waiting for messages from his agents about the Allied war moves.

★ ★ ★

Canaris waited in vain. The most important plans of the Allied General Staffs remained unknown to him. One surprise after another upset the Axis calculations.

In the meantime, Nazi preparations for attack and defence could not be hidden from the Allies. Their plans leaked out, had to be changed over and over again.

It was no longer a question whether Canaris could find out something from the Allied camp, but whether he could prevent these leakages in the highest councils of the Axis.

Hitler himself is known to have been worried and angered about the leakages. Hysterically he saw himself encompassed by enemies.

Canaris was not the man to deal with them. Military experts informed the Fuehrer that they had little hope of profiting by Canaris' activi of hatred a hemmed in th

So Hitler espionage chie for he had to tions into acc

There were Party. There the German W who could not

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"Know slogan of t only too w friends in call their s Axis.

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It would not be ne obvious a point but for painful facts. The one faction quarrel that has French movement.

The other is the between our Russian an The less said here abo matters the better. All this:—

With the fate of the balance it is not merely disrupt the ranks in fa enemy. If we quarrel lion's skin before we hav may never have the lion'

LET US SUBDUE NESSES TO THE GRE US. IF WE DO THA FORE CHRISTMAS OURS.

In May of 1918 it see farther off than it does over before the fall of th again if we play our part great argument of huma

Now we are distributing the burden and tightening the cordon round the enemy. The heavy load that Russia has borne so magnificently for two years is lightened and around the whole five thousand miles of Hitler's frontier the avenging hosts are gathered on land, on sea and in the air for the final phase of the drama.

* * *

Given one condition, I see no reason why that phase should be prolonged. The condition is that we should have not only unity of strategy, but unity of spirit. Only in that way can we bring all the weight of our collective might to bear on the common enemy with speed and finality.

It would not be necessary to stress so obvious a point but for two disquieting and painful facts. The one is the quite childish faction quarrel that has disgraced the Free French movement.

The other is the unhappy rupture between our Russian and our Polish allies. The less said here about both of these matters the better. All that I shall say is this:—

With the fate of the whole world in the balance it is not merely folly, but a crime to disrupt the ranks in face of the common enemy. If we quarrel about dividing the lion's skin before we have killed the lion, we may never have the lion's skin to divide.

LET US SUBDUE ALL OUR PETTINESSES TO THE GREAT TASK BEFORE US. IF WE DO THAT, VICTORY BEFORE CHRISTMAS MAY WELL BE OURS.

In May of 1918 it seemed less assured and farther off than it does to-day. Yet all was over before the fall of the leaf. So may it be again if we play our part in the spirit of this great argument of human destiny.

ief Will Help Us

utside the wall ontempt which tress of Europe. o find a new difficult search, many considera-

inside the Nazi high officials of d Foreign Office rusted.

who had no links with the old hless and power- with them.

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n whom Hitler t he had done ria he would do

nd death would ould not obtain of Germany's enemies, he could at least find out everything about Germany's friends.

And that is all-important to-day. It is more vital for Hitler to know what his friends are doing than to guess his enemies' plans.

There are Boris of Bulgaria, Antonescu in Rumania, Horthy in Hungary!

Are these men not preparing to stab Hitler in the back? Kaltenbrunner will have to watch them.

There are the Italians, the Finns, the Belgians, French and Czechs. Espionage, as Germany must practise it now, is confined to Europe.

* * *

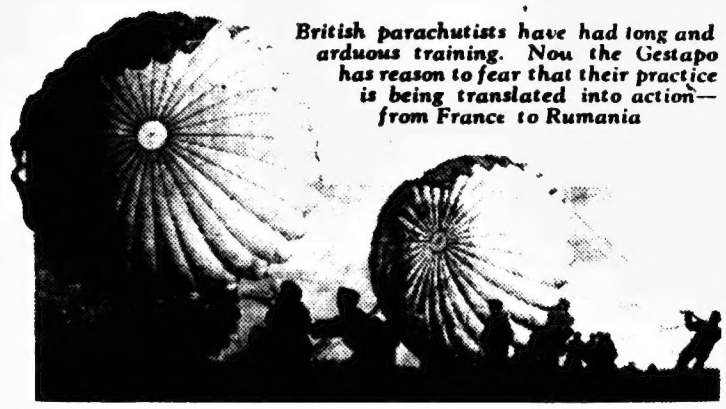
"Know your friends!" is the slogan of the Germans, who realise only too well that they have no friends in the world whatever they call their serfs and satellites of the Axis.

Kaltenbrunner's method, too, is more in keeping with the true Nazi spirit. Shoot first—and ask no questions afterwards. Arrest without warrant. Execute without trial!

The new chief of the Gestapo and military espionage is sure to seek safety in a bath of blood. Dead men cannot betray. Death alone is a guarantee for Hitler's and Germany's security.

In a way we can welcome Kaltenbrunner's appointment. It is directed against the Nazis themselves.

W. F.



British parachutists have had long and arduous training. Now the Gestapo has reason to fear that their practice is being translated into action—from France to Rumania

★ Night after night, 'planes drop food and weapons, wireless sets and munitions—perhaps saboteurs as well—to aid the gallant men fighting German rule in the Occupied Countries and the Serf States

Arms by 'Plane for Hitler's Silent Enemies

FRENCH guerillas, holding out in the mountains near Thonon, hold one of the best kept secrets of the war.

Night after night they are being mysteriously supplied from the air, according to reports from abroad.

For a week now foreign 'planes — presumably Allied— have flown over the area at night dropping food, tommy-guns and hand grenades.

Caused Alerts

The 'planes were dropping supplies the other night from 11.30 until 2.30 in the morning.

Their activities caused alerts to be sounded on the Swiss side of the frontier.

Crowds leaving theatres and cinemas in the Swiss towns heard the roar of the machines and stood on the streets in the brilliant moonlight to catch a glimpse of them.

More and more young Frenchmen are joining the Partisan Army daily.

Secret radio stations and Partisan agents in most towns and villages are instructing them how to reach the mountain H.Q.—and the Gestapo now make no secret of their belief that the radio sets, ammunition and other supplies are parachute-dropped by Allied 'planes.

The agents seem to have plenty of resources, and are able to assist new recruits to make the journey.

The Partisan Army already numbers several thousand fully equipped men under regular officers of the French army.

Extensive Sabotage

Are parachutists being dropped from Allied 'planes to assist in the wave of sabotage sweeping Europe?

From the Balkans comes news of extensive sabotage at Varna Harbour, the German Black Sea naval base in Bulgaria.

Wharves and other installations were destroyed.

At Skoplje, Yugoslav partisans who set fire to a munition camp were caught and shot—and the local Gestapo agent asserted that the sabotage was planned by airborne, parachute-dropped guerillas.

Numerous arrests were made in Bohemia on the birthday of Dr. Masaryk, former President of Czecho-Slovakia.

Police house raids disclosed hundreds of photographs of Masaryk—photographs that had been printed on an American-made rotary press, and dropped by parachute in bundles.

Numerous Demonstrations

The Slovak population is showing sympathy with 25,000 Czechs who are due for deportation from Slovakia to Germany, and there have been numerous demonstrations.

In Zips, German-speaking district of Slovakia, where German nationals used to be enthusiastic, dissension has been growing since the entire youth were "voluntarily" enrolled for service on the Eastern front.

Many acts of sabotage have occurred, and the Gestapo has been greatly surprised to find that most of the instigators were Germans—who confessed to having received help from parachute troops who spoke fluent German.

Mysterious 'planes are also rumoured to be over Rumania, dropping supplies for Allied "Fifth-column" radio stations.

Despite desperate efforts by Nazi Gestapo and Rumanian police to detect the secret radio stations now operating in that unhappy country, no fewer than three of them appeal daily to Rumanians.

They preach crusades in turn against Antonescu, against the Germans, against the Allies, against the King, against Maniu.

Fierce Campaigns

These secret radio stations are "Radio Adeveratiral Romani," "Romania Mare," and "Romania Libera," the last of which recently started a violent campaign against young King Michael. The King is also fiercely attacked by other Parties.

After a night of rumours that Allied bombers had been overhead and tiny parachutes were seen dropping, the streets of Bucharest were covered with posters with the King's picture captioned "defender of hangmen" and "Antonescu's pet puppet."

One of the bitterest cankers in the Nazi "empire" is the area around the town of Smoljan, in the Rhodope mountain range dividing Greece and Bulgaria.

Thousands of men are fighting in Eastern Macedonia, occupied by the Bulgarians.

Under Major Douras, the Greek Legation informs me, they are continually cutting communications and attacking convoys.

In defiance of the Luftwaffe, they drop supplies by parachute, and are even training paratroop guerillas.

"In Crete, between 2,000 and 3,000 Greeks are putting up guerilla fights among the mountains, some of which are 9,000 ft. high," it is stated.

"From time to time the enemy execute hostages. They have killed over one hundred in Crete alone in the last few months, but the fight still goes on.

"Among the mountains of Florina and Gastoria, Major Binos's bands are very busy. The Major is now reported to have established contact through liaison officers with the forces of General Mihailovitch hundreds of miles away."

Hard-hitting Forces

Greek bands, under the former Greek officers Karalivanos and Kontoyorgos, are making trouble for the Italians in the mountainous regions of Epirus, Macedonia and Thessaly.

In a recent skirmish twenty Italians were killed. The Greeks lost three killed and two were wounded.

Two famous Greek pilots, the Haneos brothers, are leading the fighting band and have organised their forces into hard-hitting bands of raiding guerillas.

These owe much of their success to their knowledge of Italian aircraft and airfields.

Fighter 'planes are stolen by night to be used for parachute-dropping of food to starving Greeks!

Mounting Tide

So, from one end of Europe to the other, the tide of resistance rises.

By itself, it would not be enough to sweep away the hated rule of a military autocracy.

It will need to be made far more powerful by the rolling onrush of the massed Allied armies and their mighty air fleets.

That onrush is about to begin.

There are ample signs that the preparations are far advanced. And there is reason to wonder whether these preparations are taking place *inside* Occupied Europe as well as in the great bases of Britain, Russia and North Africa!

W. J. BENTLEY.

THIS "ROYAL" HEALER IS DANGEROUS

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

AN extraordinary woman who claims to have many friends all over the world, and whose admiring clients are said to include the highest in the land, is busy in a way that calls for pungent criticism

She is Madame Montague Lawrence, of 6, Sloane Square, Belgravia, London. An imposing array of letters is printed after her name—Ph.D., P.S.D., M.S.D., M.S.O.M., and M.O.H. are some of them—and she advertises herself as being "Under Royal Patronage."

Healer of the sick and infirm; adviser on practically every subject under the sun; matrimonial agent—these are just three of her diversified rôles.

How she is able to do justice to herself with interests so wide and varied is a secret known only to herself. So, also, is her income, which must be pretty large—for she charges fees as varied as her interests.

At one time or another she has been described as a "World-famous Consulting Psychologist, Psycho-Therapist, Specialist in Nervous and Mental Disorders, Clairvoyant, Psychic Healer and Health Practitioner."

She has even dealt in horoscopes.

She makes no claim to medical qualifications.

Yet, with a frankness that is almost vulgar, she emphasises her alleged ability to treat sufferers successfully.

This impudent woman claims, indeed, that she is gifted to heal patients through the medium of some mystic or supernatural Power which enables her first to penetrate her patients' soul and then to "treat" them with an appropriate "radiance" that emanates from her fingers!.

She says she was herself lying at death's door when this great gift came to her. Doctors had given her up. As she lay dying some sudden Power took charge of her and she was able to cure herself.

Then came the inspiration—with such a gift in her hands, why not pass it on to others?

So she opened the concern now being conducted from the Sloane Square address and called it the Baker Street Institute of Practical Mental Science and Applied Psychology.

The doctor is cheaper than a "psychic healer"!

Friends for All!

But she doesn't run this solely for sufferers of bodily ailments. She runs a venture called the Universal Friendship League there, too, which seeks to bring comfort and friendship to lonely people.

Finding clients through advertisements, she charges five shillings for a short, personal interview at which she discovers their requirements. And, until they are suited with an ideal friend, she offers to keep up her personal interviews for a period of three months on payment of five guineas.

She is even gracious enough to arrange out-of-town interviews with lonely clients who cannot manage to go to see her at Sloane Square. But she first of all quotes her expenses after knowing how far she has to travel and how long she is likely to be away.

Clients not desiring personal attention can join her "Postal Section" by paying a guinea a month for names and addresses, plus half a guinea a month for other services.

Incidentally, these monthly charges used to be only annual ones.

Recently, however, because the matrimonial agency business is booming just now, I suspect, her printed circulars have been altered by the word "year" being struck out and "month" substituted!

"These people are all personally known to me," she stresses in one circular in my possession, and are WITH MEANS."

So this condescending lady is not only willing to go to great pains to introduce paying clients to suitable friends of the opposite sex, but makes a point of emphasising the fact, as a further attraction, that some of them at least have means!

Not long ago Madame Lawrence opened an enterprise called "The Chelsea Sanctuary" with the combined object of enabling her to give treatments at a guinea each—("Course of twenty treatments fifteen guineas in advance")—and to form a New World Order.

She was assisted in this by a young man named J. St. John-Dowling, who has been known in some of her other ventures by the name of "Paulus Wren."

Annual membership of this so-called "Sanctuary" costs £2 2s., and entitles clients to the vague advantages of the "New World Order" (as yet in its infancy), to lectures on psychology and other matters at which silver collections are made, and to participation in any kind of illness.

Curious Mixture

And as these "treatments" consist of a queer mixture of psycho-therapy, nature cures, diet, body manipulation, exercises, herbs, magnetic healing and Yogi philosophy, I think most people would find it wiser and far more economical to consult a properly qualified medical man if they are suffering from any kind of illness.

No matter in what guise Madame Lawrence comes before you, take my advice and give her offers the go by.

BRAVE MEN DON'T TALK

HEROES don't usually care to talk of their exploits.

So owners of small hotels and smart boarding-houses should make sure that strangers who obtain credit by pretending they have been invalided out of the Royal Air Force are really genuine.

Warrants are in existence for several impostors who have obtained money or goods by false pretences, and most of them have told fantastic stories about their alleged bombing flights over Germany.

One man much wanted now—his aliases, assumed at random, include those of Ball, Seymour, Franklin, and Burgess—poses as an ex-pilot and stays at small hotels. He has passed many worthless cheques, and has committed various thefts, the latest of which occurred only a few days ago at Warwick.

Another, in the name of Ernest Gough, posed for months as a relative of a famous soldier, and even managed to obtain permission to lecture some young air cadets before he was arrested.

Yet another, Michael Joseph Downes, who likewise masqueraded as a D.F.C. at a number of hotels, obtained extensive credit and robbed numerous women he impressed with lies about mythical bombing flights before being caught.

Moral—ask for credentials!

Women Should Think Twice

"LADIES seeking a lucrative and interesting career should take this 'receptionist' course of Medical and Dental receptionists. Complete in ten weeks. No educational qualification necessary."

Replies to that advertisement are answered by the Medical and Dental Receptionists' Institute, of 5, St. James' Avenue, Ealing, London, W.13.

This so-called "institute" operates there from a private house and is owned by a recently formed limited liability company.

There are many reasons why people seeking well-paid jobs should treat this project with caution.

First, they are asked to pay six guineas for a postal course of tuition consisting of ten "lectures."

These relate to the keeping of records, registers, general receptionist duties, dispensing, first aid work, injections, diagnostic tests and other routine matters.

At the end of the course, proficiency certificates will be awarded to successful candidates—who are told that jobs as receptionists with doctors or dental surgeons should not be hard to find.

Now, there may be quite a lot of useful knowledge available for the right kind of student, but applicants before they pay over their six guineas should ask themselves whether such vital subjects are suitable for *tuition by correspondence.*

Common-sense says "No."

And a considered opinion obtained from an expert in such matters is completely against it.

Take dispensers, for instance. The work of making up medicines and the uses of medicinal mixtures and solutions can only be properly learned through practical experience under skilled guidance.

First aid and the art of fluid injection cannot surely be taught by post?

And how can the words "No educational qualifications necessary" be justified?

Obviously a high standard of education is necessary for such training, which, to my mind, is only really successful when given under personal tuition with adequate facilities at hand.

People who pay six guineas for this postal course will only have themselves to blame if they find at the end that the "proficiency certificate" carries no weight and that the knowledge acquired is not enough to gain them the "lucrative and interesting career" so rosily mentioned.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. F. Bradley, Brandhall Lane, Quinton, Birmingham, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Readers are invited to write about any suspected ramp or swindle. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, *93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

WHY HAS HITLER CHANGED HIS TUNE?

● No longer do we hear of the "master race." The "living-room" phrase is not now heard.

Instead, we are told that all the European nations, under another New Order, are to have "a secure existence in an atmosphere of justice and co-operation."

What utter bunk!

The obvious reason for this is Hitler's sudden realisation that the Axis can be attacked, not only in Italy, but that the shores of Norway, France and Greece are also likely landing-places.

As these are populated by hostile slaves, his only chance of minimising the risk of their revolt is a promise to lessen the restrictions under which those nations live. Yet this new plan will fail.

In Greece particularly, almost every man and woman is waiting for the chance of killing some particular German when there arrives the hour in which Hitler must withdraw his forces to defend the Fatherland.

Dramatic events can be looked for on the Continent. Where they will start is the secret of the High Command. You can guess, if you like.

WILL PLANNING MAKE US SLACK?

● The reader who heard, in a train, a man knocking all planners, on the ground that if our lives were planned for us there would be no incentive for anyone to do anything, need not worry.

Russia, where everything is planned, has proved that.

Enemies of human progress have always used two directly opposite arguments—(1) that competition is good for us; and (2) that the nice lordly people with sheltered lives who needn't worry about anything are the finest people in the community.

The plain truth is that countless millions of people upon whose laborious toil the community depends for its existence are harassed from their cradles to their graves by fear of sickness, by fear of unemployment, and by fear of old age.

Their bodies are ill-nourished in their childhood. Their minds are stunted in adult years by the narrowness of their outlook, and they are the victims, all their lives, of a cut-throat system in which the strong reap the rewards and they, having no chance, remain the victims.

The man who planned the first sewerage system was more in advance of his time then than is any planner to-day.

But the cesspool was then regarded as the symbol of the "rights of private property."

WHY SO MANY SILENT M.P.s?

● No, it is not true that fewer M.P.s speak in Parliament than in the old days, that the debates are kept going by a few, and that the rest of the Members are useless.

While it is a fact that the same names keep on cropping up in *Hansard*, some Members have always been more talkative than others.

More than ever, the hard work in Parliament is done in the committee rooms and by bringing pressure on Ministers by personal contact. That is being done with a persistency that would surprise most voters.

Besides, dear readers, it is all up to you—or will be, when next there is an election.

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN MINUTE STORY By HEDLEY BARKER

THE GREAT CLARO MYSTERY

TURN left for Share & Coulter. Whitley's Fine Ales.

The lane seemed promising, I was thirsty, and I turned left.

The sun had set about his business with a will. It was hot; it was still. Not a zephyr to stir the grasses. I could hear the bees, and the cheep-cheep of the bullfinches.

The war and the Great Claro mystery had never seemed so far away.

For three days now the daily Press had shouted: "Mystery of Bond Street Seer. Where is Claro? Crowds besiege Oracle's office."

It had pushed even the war into a back seat.

For Claro's fame was built on a solid foundation. Claro had predicted the outbreak of war to the hour. Dunkirk, the fall of France, the magnificence of Russia, the arrival of Hess, the success of the Eighth Army—he had prophesied all these with the certainty of Fate.

He had never hesitated to give dates, even times to within an hour. The thing was incredible, and stupefying.

Bond Street, where he had his office, had to be specially policed to deal with the crowds.

And suddenly he had disappeared without trace.

The office knew him no more. His home at Wimbledon was locked, and the blinds were drawn. The *Daily Sun* hinted at foul play: "Claro. Has he been kidnapped?"

"Share and Coulter 500 yards," said a signboard at a fork in the road. And then I saw it, standing back from the road, tucked away behind two enormous oak trees. There was not another house in sight. The village of Padderswick was a mile and a half due north.

A couple of hens scratched about in the gravel. Thrushes gave tongue from the orchard. Otherwise, profound silence. I went in and rapped on the counter. Loud echoes answefed from the empty parlour, and a louder echo from the back regions.

"Coming!"

The landlord was a little fellow with bright dark eyes set far back under heavy brows and an unusual bone-structure of the face which gave him a foreign look.

"A pint, please," I said.

"Yes, sir. Lovely day."

"Grand. You're very quiet here?"

"Nice and peaceful," he agreed.

My coppers bumped into his empty till with a noise like falling coal.

"Don't you get bored?"

"Bless you, no. Plenty to keep me amused, plenty to think about."

"Yes, I suppose there is. The war. The great Claro mystery. Seen the paper?"

"No, not this morning."

I handed him mine. He smiled with amusement as he read the headlines.

"Where is Claro?" he muttered. "Mystery of Bond Street Seer." He folded the paper and passed it back, took a dishcloth and rubbed the counter.

"Funny thing," he said, "I knew him."

At which I gave a start of interest. Not exactly a great man, Claro, but certainly a very famous man.

"You knew him?"

"I've known him from a kid up. Just a minute, sir."

The landlord went out, and returned with a photograph. There was no mistaking the turned-up moustache, the neatly-trimmed beard, the rather flamboyantly-waved hair. There was an inscription at the bottom: Yours sincerely, Claro.

"Even as a nipper," went on the landlord, "he had these turns."

"Turns?"

"He'd go sort of funny. Not exactly unconscious, but dazed. Kind of day-dreaming, it was, and in these dreams he'd get a picture, and a date. See what I mean?"

"I think I do."

"Always from the future, you see, sir? Pretty harmless at first, just ordinary everyday things. But then it got to racing. He could tell you every winner on the card, at every race."

"Good heavens!"

"Yes. It was terrible. The race gangs got to hear of it. All sorts of shady toughs hanging around the house, night and day.

"He began to get scared. Not of the race-gangs, but of the power. A gift, I suppose you might call it."

"A gift," I nodded.

"You see, he prophesied his father's death, and—well—that shook him up a bit."

"Naturally."

"But he got over it. And, of course, he was making money hand-over-fist. So long as he kept on dreaming he was on velvet. He thought he'd better cash in while the going was good.

"BY this time a couple of dozen doctors and scientists had examined him, and they reckoned it was just a passing phrase, that it might dry up any minute."

"Yes?"

"So he thought he'd better use it while it was there, go in for it in a big way. He took an office in Bond Street. Claro, the Seer who never makes a mistake. Your future an open book. You'll have seen the adverts?"

"I have indeed."

"Readings a guinea a time. Fifty guineas a day, with special fees for written charts. He was coining it."

"Have a drink with me," I suggested, setting down my empty tankard.

The landlord drew two pints, banged the drawer till it echoed again, and continued:

"Well, this went on for months. He doubled and trebled the fees. But it made no difference to the queues. And then, all at once, he came to the cross-roads, as they say."

"His health broke down?"

"Oh, no. He was always tough. It was a sort of ultimatum, if you get me. A test. One day a sharp-looking merchant was shown in. Hand-made shoes, silk umbrella, diamond ring—all the accessories, you understand, but a foxy face. And what do you think he wanted?"

"I've no idea."

"He made no bones about it. What he wanted was the date of the end of the war. He represented a syndicate that controlled millions of money. If only they could know the date, for sure——"

"Ah!" I nodded, interrupting, "they could double, treble their capital. Knowledge of that kind—priceless. It——"

"Exactly," put in the landlord. "And Claro was pretty staggered by what they offered him. Twenty thousand pounds.

"NO. He didn't think it was right. Immoral, as you might say, and anti-social. A week afterwards he was tipped off by a pal that the syndicate was out to get him. They were determined to get that information by hook or by crook."

"So you and I——"

"Are the only two," supplied the landlord, "to whom the mystery of Claro is no mystery. He shaved off his beard and moustache and beat it while he was safe. You'll respect my confidence, sir?"

"I surely will. And the date. Does Claro——"

"You bet he knows the date," said the landlord, "and you can bet also that he's keeping it under his hat. Er—just a minute, sir."

When the landlord returned he had one of those photographs with the turned-up moustache, the beard, the somewhat flamboyant hair.

Quickly he took up pen and ink, scribbled across the foot—Yours sincerely, CLARO.

MY UNCLE BOB WON'T GO OFF

AFTER a fairly long investigation I am quite unable to find out why Bob is my uncle. For several years now people have been assuring me that he is. But the very people who tell me so cannot tell me why.

Nobody seems to know anything about my Uncle Bob—where he came from, why he is my uncle, anything. Bob is a mystery.

When I was much younger (in fact, almost young) older people were always wagging their fingers at me and saying, "My word, if you're not off!" If you're as old as I am you'll have heard it thousands of times.

'Bus conductors used to shout it from the backs of their 'buses. Comedians used to shout it from stages. You heard it everywhere. "My word, if you're not off!"

At first there was no suggestion that anything very terrible would happen to you if you *weren't off*. But when it began to wear a bit thin a terrible threat was stuck on the end. "My word, if you're not off—*I'll saw your leg off!*"

Being almost young (and therefore green) I tried to find out who had started it. I never did find out. I used to ask older people where they had first heard it.

But they only gave me a rather bored sort of look. And said, "My word, if you're not off!"

The tag (as such things are sometimes called) died as quickly as it was born. But a similar tag took its place. There's always one.

"I *don't* think!" had a long and healthy life. "It's going to be a nice day to-day—I don't think." "This is a bit of luck for us—I don't think." You don't have to be very old to remember that.

But it went, like the others, without ever saying where it came from.

Sometimes you get one-word tags. Ages ago—"Abso*lute*ly!" Just before the war—"Definitely!" Since the war—"Wizard!"

There's never any sense in them. For instance—"You ought to hear 'Garrison Theatre'; it's wizard!" But sense or not, everybody says them.

That is, after the first person has said them for the first time.

But who *is* the first person?

Who first kicked out "Good-bye" and invited "Cheerio" to come in?

The originators of tags must be the most modest people on earth. They never make any claim. They don't write to the papers letters beginning: "Your correspondent Blank of Blackheath is a liar. I first used this phrase in 1903 and . . ."

They hide away, every one of them. So far as I am aware *nobody* has *ever* claimed to be the creator of a catch-phrase.

I wonder why?

People are proud of dancing for five days without stopping, of walking round the world on a football, of living on grass, of pushing a peanut up Broadway with their nose. They fight to get their pictures in the papers.

Then why, I keep on wondering, this modesty on the part of the great unknown who first found out that Bob is my uncle?

A. G.

HUMAN MACHINE

JUST FAIRY TALES

Lots of people try to live as though this world was fairyland. They never expect anything but good fortune.

They never dream that they will experience irritations, annoyances, setbacks, periods of despondency. They will never wdrry—that's something that only happens to other people!

Thoughts like these are just fairy tales One of the chief causes of pessimism is unbridled optimism. If you never expect anything to go wrong, you're all the more cast down when it does.

Maybe you know the name of Glenn Cunningham, the American who has run a mile faster than any human being ever ran a mile before? He is an outstanding example of what a vast difference it makes *how* you meet what happens, rather than what happens.

In early boyhood he was crippled in a schoolhouse fire. The doctors said he would never walk again.

Cunningham thought otherwise. He thought it only needed patience and grit.

He began to learn to walk again by following a plough across the fields, leaning on it for support. He spent years experimenting, finding out what he could do to regain the strength of his crippled muscles.

He won. He broke the world's record for the mile.

He didn't live in fairyland. He was faced with a problem that he recognised to be a problem, tackled it fair and square and beat it.

It's the only way. It might happen to you. Anything might happen to you. Whatever happens, look it squarely in the face, tackle it—and win.

THREE LIFE-SAVING MUSKETEERS

★ Does it mean "taxi-ing" through a minefield? Are the castaways British or German? What if the life-saving attempts seemed doomed to fatal failure? The Air Sea Rescue Service will provide the heroic answers!

BRINGING their balance-sheet of courage up to date, the "Three Musketeers"—as the unbeatable trio is known to No. 277 Squadron—have saved over forty R.A.F boys from the sea.

Sharp-sighted Flight-Sergeant Len Healey, once a Watford printer, has rescued his ten on a half-dozen flights.

A Unique Record

His skipper, bluff Flight-Sergeant Tom Fletcher, formerly a commercial traveller, has picked up at least thirteen.

The baby of the trio, twenty-one-year-old Flight-Sergeant Rolo Glew, has achieved a unique record—a life saved for every year of his age!

The first of the trio to be decorated, he was a Tyneside clerk who fought in his teens in the Battle of France.

Joining the Air-Sea Rescue Service in its early days, he has flown in fourteen actual rescue flights, not to count thousands of miles on patrol. And, as he says, it's been exciting.

Watch these aces of the Walrus amphibians in a typical action.

Conspicuous in his yellow dinghy, a fighter pilot is paddling desperately a few hundred yards from the enemy coast.

He's fighting against the tide and certain captivity—and steadily drifting, for all his efforts, towards a minefield.

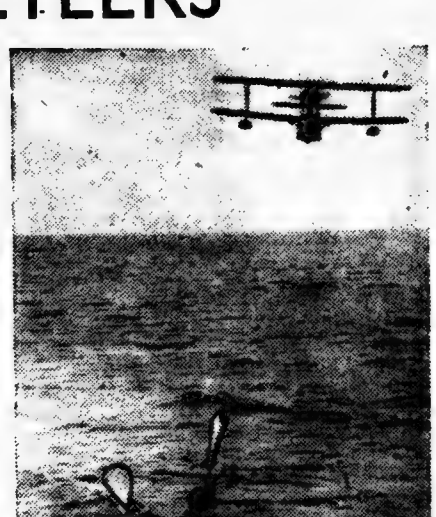
Hot Moments

The Nazi shore batteries open fire. Shells scream and plummet around him.

Every gushing explosion threatens to touch off a mine.

It's one of many recent hot moments in the Channel that the Walrus squads have faced without raising a whisker.

Tom Fletcher made a neat cross-wind landing to avoid the mines and taxied the last risky yards to the pilot.



The big Walrus skims over the sea—and another castaway airman is picked up

The shell-bursts spumed towers of spray over his wings. At one instant one of the floats slid a bare yard past a mine-horn.

Tom slewed her round and Len Healey grabbed for the pilot.

He was no sooner aboard than shell fragments riddled his dinghy. But they pulled it in. If it couldn't be patched, it could still go to salvage.

Landed in Minefield

In the mess of the 277's they cap this yarn with the thrill of Pilot Officer Toddy Hilton.

He, too, touched down his Walrus into a minefield and then taxied to where a pilot was stranded between two of the floating horrors—and rescued him from a sea stained with the fluorescent signal dye released from the dinghy.

Toddy was just taking off when he spotted a mine floating fifteen yards dead in front.

"I managed to bounce the Walrus over it," he says with a grin. "The aircraft bounced another six times before it became airborne."

It's his Australian way of describing supreme flying skill.

Then there's the London solicitor who learnt to fly at week-ends and joined Air-Sea Rescue because he was considered too old for Fighter Command operations.

He rescued three airmen; then came his tough spot.

When he tried to take off from the sea after making his fourth rescue, the engines failed to give sufficient power to get them airborne.

Beaufighters were circling overhead. Explaining his plight over the radio, the ex-solicitor said he meant to taxi to the shore.

"Rather Tedious!"

It was fifty miles away, and the seas were running high.

"Rather tedious!" was the way he afterwards described the journey.

When he taxied at speed, the 'plane shipped water—and when he slowed down the insufficient slipstream affected the steering.

When he struck a happy medium there still remained some hectic moments as the heavy waves smashed over the tail.

Steering a fough course, it was five hours before he reached the shore. Then, lest the beach should be mined, he had to face the extra annoyance of waiting at the edge of the water for help.

Men like that ex-solicitor—who must be unnamed—and men like Toddy and Tom and Healey and Glew, have watched the Air-Sea Rescue Service growing up. Watched it—and been a part of it.

To-day, beside the Walrus, Lysander and Defiant squadrons—one of these recently completed its hundredth operation—Lockheed Hudsons are ranging from Iceland almost to Gibraltar.

They've rescued at least sixty airmen and twenty-three seamen.

They All Come Alike

Let's return a moment to Tom Fletcher, Len Healey and Rolo Glew—that typical trio.

They were detailed, at the height of one of last winter's gales, to rescue six men seen on a raft some ten miles east of Dover.

"The sea," says Tom, "was obviously too rough for us to take off again, but I decided to put the Walrus down, pick up the men and try to taxi back to port."

In an instant the 'plane was alongside the raft, and Glew stretched out a boat-hook.

Instead of making fast, one of the men grabbed it and leapt to the Walrus. The raft was swept past.

Then two of the men were washed into the sea and lost in the darkness.

The Walrus itself was continually shipping water. The starboard windscreen had smashed and the waves were pounding over.

The electrical equipment was sparking, the radio pouring out smoke.

Up to the knees in water, Healey managed to haul one of the men through his hatch.

Turning a third time, the Walrus made straight at the raft—and Glew snatched and held on to the third man.

His companion had vanished. It was now dark, but still the 'plane coasted back and forth, searching the waters.

Kept His Course

Keeping his course with extreme difficulty, racing at full throttle, Tom Fletcher at last taxied to shore.

Not until he went to report did he learn he had skimmed through several minefields.

Who were these seamen, with their grim law of every man for himself, for whom the Three Musketeers had again risked their lives?

They were German.

A sextet of Hitlers would have been accorded no lesser nobility. That is the A.S.R. passport.

And the R.A.F. manner!

THE R.A.F. MANNER. No. 6

★

By WEBSTER FAWCETT

PRECIOUS LITTLE

NOT a tank could go into action without rubber.

Every wheel bearing the track has a rubber tyre.

Bombing of Germany would be impossible without rubber.

In fact, the amount used in the bombers carrying out a big raid would outweigh fifteen steamrollers!

Our airmen wouldn't be able to fly high without rubber for their oxygen masks. Nor would their de-icing equipment bring them home again.

They'd have to fly low, with vastly increased risk of crashing into the sea.

And there—without rubber dinghies—they'd have no chance whatsoever of surviving.

There's no war material more precious than rubber. And none scarcer.

So salve every bit. And ask your local officials what help you can give them in collecting it.

Just as important, don't waste this precious commodity. If you must use it, nurse it. Particularly your tyres—for tyres eat more deeply than anything into our all-too-scant national rubber resources.

Treat them as one of the keystones of victory—for they are.

IT ISN'T FUNNY TO LIVE IN A SILENT WORLD!

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

PHILOSOPHERS have often tried to explain why we laugh, but never with convincing success. Why, for example, do music-hall comedians crack jokes about physical handicaps—bow legs, cross eyes, stutterers, and the hard of hearing?

The man or woman who suffers from deafness deserves our sympathy and help. It is sad to feel shut out of daily conversations, and one of the worst features is the sense of loneliness which deafness brings. Here is a letter from a woman reader:

About two years ago you mentioned that there were societies to help deaf people in various ways and I am wondering if you could possibly let me know about them. I have been extremely deaf most of my life.

At the age of sixty-six my eyesight is failing, so that I cannot read much. It is a very forlorn outlook.

I can manage to hear the wireless and used to enjoy the Sunday night services, but a wireless is now out of the question. I am a widow living alone and could not afford a wireless set even if it were obtainable.

A totally deaf woman in London has spent all her life in trying to help other sufferers by teaching lip-reading and arranging occasional outings; but her home was wiped out in the blitz, although she herself was fortunately away at the time.

Surely, however, there are other people—including those who have been spared affliction—who could help to arrange conducted tours, to organise sports and games and in other ways to relieve sufferers of that awful sense of isolation?

I should like to see, indeed, a central clubhouse where the deaf could meet together and where visitors from the provinces could get temporary accommodation.

I feel strongly on this matter, for I know how much can be done—not only by treatment, reputable appliances and the like, but by social welfare work—to mitigate the misery and hardship often associated with severe deafness.

I know, moreover, the excellent work performed by the National Institute for the Deaf, which is the only officially recognised body of this kind.

HERE is a letter from another victim:

The blind and the deformed win sympathy and pity, but not us. I must say

LIVING WITH LOVE'S GHOST

YOU are not here although you stay beside me and listen to all the things I have to say. Your thoughts are out upon Love's rose-bathed uplands, your heart, my dear, is very far away. You smile, but it is such an empty gesture, there's nothing in it for my heart to feel. You talk, and all you say is very friendly, but, oh, Dear God, I wish that it were real!

YOU are not here, and yet you will not leave me. I sometimes pray to God to help you go. For living with Love's Ghost does not deceive me, and you, in pity, think I do not know. Your heart is frozen by Life's loveless winter, Love's Spring for you a lovely dream dispelled. For all the precious things that lie between us are all the things our hearts and souls once held!

YOU are not here. How much of Life seems wasting, yet I can't give you Freedom you won't take. So we must keep together till the end, dear, when Death will rectify Life's strange mistake. Your love has found another heart to bloom in, and all the tears I have my eyes have dried. You could have borne it better had you not loved me, and I could have suffered less if you had died!

J. M.

Condemned to be lone she's not alone—but no of happiness f

at I should hate to ing pitied, as I know but I am sensitive a rson who grins when eat a sentence or whe at he has just said.

Is it any wonder that t become terribly sens afness is only parti ows how I long to h rmally. Members of e usually considerate en I am addressed by re to ask him to repea In these days of marv ventions, surely some hearing aid which wo The war has caused an tal number of people earing difficulties, a tempts will be made to In the meantime, can tle—by speaking more the pitch of voice g), and by being more lerant?

After all, the same trou y one of us. Must we ppens before we can ise with others, before ith elementary good m

A SHORT time ago I r ful letter from a m ho thought there was ve for. I told him he w ense. One reader wrot en unnecessarily sever got dozens of letters fr ho agreed with me.

One man has written he real enjoyment of l e was sixty! This is wh I have only just begu live. True, my food i it used to be in the ckle the simplest fare lish and zest.

I can enjoy the refr weary but contented w reatly I can appreciate y off which the firm ppy week-ends at hom All these, and countl e newly found pleasure have never been happi ore thrilling than at n not in a "cushy" job time for slackers. I ve a more contented m d before. . . .

The letter is unusual, o bemoan their adv ould bring consolation e man have to wait t fore making these dis planation occurs in a the letter:

I was the pampered rents. I lived a life o was bored.

Then came financial d money and had to g st time in his life. T as great a curse as too

Condemned to be lonely even when she's not alone—but now there's hope of happiness for her

at I should hate to feel that I was ing pitied, as I know the blind hate ; but I am sensitive and hurt by the rson who grins when I ask him to peat a sentence or when I misinterpret at he has just said.

Is it any wonder that the hard of hear- become terribly sensitive? My own afness is only partial, but heaven ows how I long to be able to hear rmally. Members of my own family e usually considerate, but I feel it en I am addressed by a stranger and ve to ask him to repeat what he's said.

In these days of marvellous scientific ventions, surely someone could make hearing aid which would be invisible?

The war has caused an increase in the tal number of people who suffer from earing difficulties, and no doubt tempts will be made to assist them.

In the meantime, can't we all help a ttle—by speaking more clearly, lower- g the pitch of voice (instead of yell- g), and by being more thoughtful and lerant?

After all, the same trouble may fall on y one of us. Must we wait until that appens before we can learn to sympa- ise with others, before we can behave ith elementary good manners?

A SHORT time ago I quoted a mourn- ful letter from a man of forty-nine ho thought there was nothing left to ve for. I told him he was talking non- nse. One reader wrote to say I had en unnecessarily severe with him, but got dozens of letters from older people ho agreed with me.

One man has written to tell me that e real enjoyment of life began when was sixty! This is what he says:

I have only just begun to live, really live. True, my food is not luxurious it used to be in the past, but I can ckle the simplest fare with genuine lish and zest.

I can enjoy the refreshing sleep of weary but contented worker. And how eatly I can appreciate an occasional y off which the firm allows and the ppy week-ends at home with my wife. All these, and countless others, are e newly found pleasures and blessings. have never been happier or found life ore thrilling than at present. No, I not in a "cushy" job. The firm has time for slackers. I work hard and ve a more contented mind than I ever d before. . . .

The letter is unusual, and to people ho bemoan their advancing age it ould bring consolation. But why did e man have to wait till he was sixty fore making these discoveries? The planation occurs in a passage earlier the letter:

I was the pampered son of wealthy rents. I lived a life of pleasure, and was bored.

Then came financial disaster: he lost s money and had to get a job for the st time in his life. Too much money as great a curse as too little.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces! ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

LIFE on a mine-sweeper in the Mediterranean has bigger thrills than Sinbad the Sailor's most hectic exploits. Judge for yourself from this letter by Able-Seaman H. Plummer to his parents at Friendship Road, Bristol:

It was just getting dark when by some strange fluke we hit a mine.

We shall never know just how, but I imagine the mine was going down after being punctured by rifle fire. Anyhow, there were twenty of them on the surface, some just sinking out of sight.

We were steaming in to finish the last few off when up we went! I crouched down as the explosion roared and rumbled.

Then it seemed that the whole ship shook itself and came up to meet me. She lifted right out of the water, broke in two, and then began to sink. It all happened in a matter of seconds.

My legs became tangled in the wires from the depth charges, but I kicked frantically and got free, slithering into the water that was now thick with oil fuel and wreckage.

I managed to get clear of the suction as the ship went down and swam astern of her. The light was failing rapidly, but as I was lifted on a big wave I saw several chaps swimming round with faces as black as minstrels.

There wasn't much excitement, and we found something to hold on to until we were picked up by a small boat and taken to a trawler.

There we were given rum, hot tea and cigarettes, cleaned the oil from our eyes and ears, and were almost as good as new.

Some of the crew were lost and a few injured; I had a few stitches put in my hand, but don't worry—I am safe and in very good health. Lots of love.

HOME FROM HOME

R.A.F. lads stationed in Malta may be a terror to the Luftwaffe, but in their billets they're thoroughly domesticated. AC/1 C. Leith writes to his parents at The Square, Stuartfield, Aberdeenshire:

My pals and I have made the new billet as much like home as possible. We have painted the inside with light and dark green, there are flowers in the window, and bright curtains add to the colour.

As for pets, we've two cats, a canary and a dog!

In our spare time we have built a small veranda and a rockery garden—complete with deck chairs! So we're not doing so badly.

MOBILE'S THE WORD

To realise the splendid work done by nurses in the Middle East, read this modest note written by Sister Davidson from a Mobile Military Hospital to a friend at Woodland Road, Darlington:

We arrived at —— the day after the Army marched in, and had the honour to be the first British women to get into the town.

We had come some 170 miles by desert track, and as things were happening quickly we received orders to "rush up" a couple of canvas wards to accommodate some of our lads, several from my own part of the world, who had run into Jerry a few miles ahead of us.

We evacuated all our patients by aeroplanes next day, and then moved off again across "the blue." At one time when we were short of water, we didn't wash much but saved our water for tea and coffee.

I really enjoyed the excitement of it all, though bumping along the desert is not my idea of comfortable travel. However, you get used to the bumps in time, but how the vehicles stand up to it is a wonder.

It's a busy life. There is always something happening, so we have no time to be dull.

OLD SOLDIERS——

Next easiest thing to falling off a log is falling off a train, according to Gnr. N. Field, who writes to his brother at Burton Road, Orford, Warrington:

I'll tell the whole story if it costs me a week's pay in postage stamps!

We were travelling by train to Bombay; a three-day journey, and mighty uncomfortable owing to the heat.

They're good marksmen—but sometimes the mine exacts revenge

Maybe you know that on Indian trains the doors open inwards—so they can be left ajar for ventilation.

Well, yours truly had the habit of sitting in the doorway of his compartment, with feet on the running-board, inhaling the fresh air (if any).

On the second midnight of the journey, when the rest of the boys in the compartment were dreaming of their loved ones, I took up my position on the step for a nice quiet smoke as the train chugged on into the night.

I was still there at 1.15 a.m., but not for long afterwards. I must have dozed off, for the next thing I knew was that I was falling.

Then I grabbed at the handrail, missed it, and hit terra-firma with a bang!

A bit shakily I got to my feet, and after rubbing myself down was surprised to find that I was all in one piece, if a little bruised and scratched.

The tail-light of the train was now disappearing in the distance, and I waved it good-bye, wondering vaguely when I should see the old regiment again.

Then I started walking into the night, dressed in shirt, slacks and rubber P.T. shoes. I set off in the opposite direction to Bombay, thinking that the last station we had passed was not so far away.

After four miles of stumbling in the dark over railway sleepers I found my way to a road and bumped into a signpost, which I climbed.

Striking a match, I learned that it was sixteen miles to Bhusaval, which meant nothing at all to me.

At 5.15 a.m. I was still walking . . . at 9 a.m. I reached Bhusaval with my shoes worn through and no flags out to welcome me.

Later I boarded a train which some fathead told me was bound for Bombay. It wasn't.

Later still, after being detained by the military police as a suspicious customer (my papers were with my kit in the regimental train), they telephoned to Bombay to learn that my regiment had missed me, and couldn't think where I could have mislaid myself!

I was welcomed back with subdued musical honours, quite unofficially; the song was "Old Soldiers Never Die."

MALTA'S HIGH JINKS

The Maltese, who stood up to the worst that Jerry could hand out, are now as gay as ever. Cpl. L. Dulfield, General Hospital, Malta, G.C., reports to his parents at The Cottage, South Leigh, Oxon:

Yesterday at Valetta there was a fiesta —a proper celebration with bands, marching and flags flying.

People trooped in from the villages. They danced down the main street to the sound of a band playing traditional airs, mixed with some of our choruses. Everybody was excited, and the town was gay and happy at perils past.

At night the effigies of Hitler and Mussolini were hung, coffined and burnt, just to show what the locals think about these two partners in crime.

LUCKY OMEN

Here is a "lost and found" story told by CFN George Chappell, R.E.M.E., North Africa, to his parents at Keddington Road, Louth, Lincs:

Thanks for the airgraph telling me that my wallet, which I lost many months ago in the thick of the fighting at ——, has reached you. I have written to thank the L/Cpl. who found it out "in the blue" and posted it on to you.

Well, the old wallet has now completed a round journey of about 3,000 miles, with contents intact. An omen of good luck, I think.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

Shopkeepers assume a dictatorial attitude and pursue a policy of rudeness and indifference to customers. They forget that in post-war days we shall be free to shop where we please!—Mrs. D. Graham, Sutton, Surrey.

★ ★ ★

There is a marked increase in the number of young doctors from Eire who are snapping up remunerative positions in this country, while their English confrères are away on active service. The British Medical Association should deal with this problem.—E. Radcliffe, Lowerhouses, Leeds.

★ ★ ★

Cyclists cannot buy batteries unless they buy a cycle-lamp as well; shopkeepers say their orders are to sell lamp and battery together. Is this helping the war effort?—E. W. Parsons, Sleaford, Lincs.

★ ★ ★

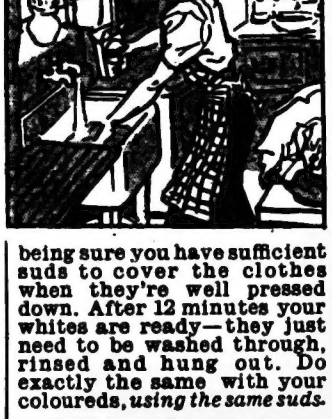
Because of delay in paying war damage claims, builders refuse to repair bomb-damaged houses unless the owner agrees to pay bill at once and await refund from Government. Most owner-occupiers cannot afford to pay, so repairs are held up, and the housing shortage becomes worse.—W. A. Lamb, Twickenham.

★ ★ ★

Army laundry authorities should be prosecuted for sabotage—of socks! New socks are returned in dreadful condition, several sizes too small owing to shrinkage caused by careless washing.—"Bombardier," Norfolk.

3 Big "Saves" every Monday

New, scientifically tested Washing Method to meet the needs of Housewives in Wartime



DO try this wartime way of doing your wash next washday! It's been specially worked out by the Rinso Wash Testing Laboratories to help housewives to get the best results, using as little soap and fuel as possible.

This method gives you three big "saves":

1. **FUEL. You save half a bucket of coal (about 9 lbs.). (Gas users save 40 cubic feet of gas.)**
2. **TIME. The new wartime Rinso method takes 1½ hours' less time for an average sized wash.**
3. **SOAP. You use one-third less Rinso each time—a "save" of one packet in three.**

Run off only *half* the amount of water you used to use, using *hot* water, but it needn't be boiling. Into this sprinkle two-thirds your usual amount of Rinso and whisk well into a good lather.

No hard rubbing

Put your whites in first and leave to soak for 12 minutes, being sure you have sufficient suds to cover the clothes when they're well pressed down. After 12 minutes your whites are ready—they just need to be washed through, rinsed and hung out. Do exactly the same with your coloureds, *using the same suds.*

Boiling not necessary

Now do remember you don't need to boil a thing, even your whites. Washed this way, the clothes come beautifully clean. It saves all that hard rubbing and takes 1½ hours' less time. And look at the saving in fuel, soap and money!

Try the wartime Rinso method next Monday *sure.*

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder, 3½d. packet—one coupon. 7d. packet—two coupons.

R 3182-9 *R. S. Hudson Limited*

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

New Life for old SHEETS

Watch for signs of wear and deal with a sheet that needs it **before** there's a hole. Tear or cut it in half lengthwise and join the selvedges in a flat seam by hand. Then machine-hem the outer edges.

NOT only sheets but *all* your household things must be made the very most of, now that linen and cotton are so scarce. These hints will help you to put off buying new.

USE SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES TURN AND TURN ABOUT, so that each gets its fair share of wear. Things not in constant use should not be stored in a hot cupboard as heat weakens the material. Save wear and tear by mending things that need it before they are washed, or at least by giving them "first-aid" tacking. When the washing is done at home, avoid bleaching (which is an expert's job) or you may damage your things. Dry in the sun instead wherever possible. In ironing, take care the iron isn't too hot and never iron over the folds.

Things you can turn into Towels. A very serviceable bath towel can be made out of an old honeycomb bedspread that you are no longer using. Tea towels can be made out of worn table runners, table mats, doyleys, etc., if suitable for the purpose. If not, they should be put by for the duration to save laundry materials and mending.

MEND AND MAKE-DO TO SAVE BUYING NEW

LAST LAUGH

C. C (Pimlico).—"Don't rats cause a lot of damage?" A awful lot.

FILM ACTRESS (Hollywood).—"I don't expect to be married for a long time." Naturally. Few film actresses ever are.

C. V. (Hove).—"My husband appreciates me so little I sometimes wonder what led him to propose to me." You.

G. G. (Loughborough).—"There are still people who can eat any old thing and feel well." You mean those testimonial writers.

SOPHIE (Cheltenham).—"I'd love when I visit London to meet its wittiest man." But we are far too busy.

DOLLY (Broadstairs).—"I have got my eye on a certain young man." What makes you think he is certain?

D. K. (Hornsey).—"A German newspaper says that Berliners look forward to the time when Hitler will travel through the streets at the head of a magnificent procession." With the flags at half-mast.

F. B (Tooting).—"I have sung in the choir for seventeen years, and the other Sunday I was absent, but I don't think I will return." Why? Did somebody ask you if the organ had been mended?

E. T. (Margate).—"He married a very plain girl, but she is an excellent housewife and a good cook." Is the rest of his furniture on utility lines, too?

F. K. (Luton).—"A boy in the Midlands charged with stealing a penny-farthing bicycle was said to have been wearing false side-whiskers." If is thought that he had come under the baneful influence of the magic-lantern.

A. B (Stoke).—"The burglars thought we were away and we actually caught them in the drawing-room playing and singing at the piano." We suppose their idea was to take up a silver collection later.

S. T. (Birmingham.—"He has made a great success of his business, which has branches everywhere, although he was very dull as a boy." Which proves that sap can get to the top of the tree.

S. N. (Chelsea).—"Where are the giants of present-day Soccer?" One always seems to stand in front of us at a match.

AMERICAN (London, W.). —"I first met my wife in a cyclone." It must have been a whirlwind courtship. Did you immediately start to go round together?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"No, yer wrong, Bill. Showin' Hitler in a barrel at Blackpool weren't in the Atlantic Charter. You must be thinkin' o' Casablanca"

Side-Slips

OSWESTRY ADVERTISER:—" . . . and that it is an offence for shopkeepers to detach such coupons from the ration cooks. . . ."

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL:—" . . . German radio claims that 15 HIPS have been sunk. . . ."

DARTMOUTH WESTERN GUARDIAN:—" Anti-aircraft guns opened fire, and drove the RAILINGS away."

EVENING SENTINEL: —"Six doctors were present when Mr. Gandhi was again EXPLAINED this morning."

EXPRESS AND STAR:—" . . . that Army musicians on leave for not less than 48 CLOTHES AND may accept fees for their performances."

EVENING POST:—"The Bench, in addition to the FIRE, confiscated the weapon."

GREATEST OF THESE

● After serving twelve years in the Army William Gale was rejected for service in this war owing to a former injury.

Recently he had the misfortune to break his leg and spent six weeks in hospital. The leg will have to remain in plaster for the next four months.

He has five children under twelve years of age, and another baby is shortly expected.

To keep the children fed the parents have been compelled to pawn every article of value in their little home. Their struggle to keep out of debt is desperate, hence they have appealed to us for the first time for assistance.

We know we can rely on our generous readers to send donations to assist this family in their extremely difficult position.

Donations earmarked "Injury," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send us donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

*Registered under the *War Charities Act*, 1940, as "*The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund.*"

1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,372

A. H. Cole, 6, Parkwood Place, Tavistock, Devon, for this "Bullet":

IGNORING THE TEXT-BOOK MONTGOMERY "WRITING GLORIOUS PAGES."

£20: E. Williams, 10, Talbot Rd., Old Trafford, Manchester.
Up Came A Postman And—Mother "At Front," Too.

£10: J. D. Goody, 43, Yalliers Wood Rd., Sidcup.
Father's Budget—Included Hen—Omitted Stork!

£5: P/JX 268349 Tel. W. G. Baker, Somewhere-in-Britain.
Hour Of Deliverance—Then *Churches* Should Ring.

£4: J. Scott, 55, St. Paul's Rd., Salisbury.
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£3: H. P. Wabey, 17, Testwood Rd., Millbrook, Southampton.
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OVER £700 TO BE WON See Offers next page

£2: D. Walters, Awelfa, Mydrim, Carmarthen.
Hollow Mockery—Villain's Laugh—*Audience's* Wasn't!

10s.: P. W. Farrow, 17, Merton Rd., Enfield, Middx.
Fools Believe—Enemy's Breather. "Last Gasp."

10s.: F. A. Cowling, 277, Station Rd., Hayes, Middx.
Counting His Chickens—"*I'll* Never Be Henpecked!"

£4s.: A. Wareham, Main St., Peasmarsh, Sussex.
Hard-won Victory—Letting Auntie Beat You!

£2s.: M. S. Wilson, 4, Frederick Gdns., New Penshaw, Philadelphia, Co. Durham.
Hard-won Victory—Village Fire Brigade's *Arrival!*

10s.: E. E. Harrison, 120, Norris St., Prestwich.
Hour Of Deliverance—For Mummie, Sandman's "Invasion."

A list of 25 Winners of Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

4 BIG CHEQUES

AND 32 CAKES WON IN XWORD 324

WINNING WORDS: 1. Slops. 2. Aches. 3. Thud. 4. Shifts. 5. Rags. 6. Pegs. 7. Sack. 8. Tent. 9. Bar. 10. Vomit. 11. Screw. 12. Soaked. 13. Loop. 14. Fingers.

4100 SHARERS: Mrs. B. Gamble, 12, Rake Rd., Sheffield; Pte. G. E. Johnson, c/o Uplands, Norfolk Rd., Uxbridge; G. E. Johnson (snr.), Uplands, Norfolk Rd., Uxbridge; A. J. Lane, 150, Tamworth Lane, Shirley, Birmingham.

Runners-up Awards value £23 shared between 28 entrants. In addition 4-lb. Fruit Cake goes to each winner of prize value 10s. or over.

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J.W.I. 15/5/43

S.B.R.

Venereal VD Diseases

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Why are Venereal Diseases a growing menace?
Wartime conditions have brought about an increase in venereal diseases which are spread through free and easy sex relations. Many sufferers put off seeking medical advice and meanwhile spread the disease to others.

Why does this problem concern everybody?
Venereal diseases damage the nation's health, threaten the future of the race, cause wasted hours and reduced efficiency in the factories and Services. They are highly contagious. Husbands infect wives (and vice versa) and the infection may be passed on to unborn children, condemning them to a life of misery and ill-health.

Can Venereal Diseases "just happen?"
No. They are caused by germs which cannot grow in the human body of their own accord. Usually they enter the body during intercourse with an infected person.

What are the Danger Signals?
Syphilis first appears as a small ulcer on or near the reproductive organs from 10 to 90 days after infection; usually 21 days. The first sign of gonorrhœa is a discharge from the reproductive organs 2 to 10 days after infection.

Are Venereal Diseases dangerous?
Yes, very. If not treated by a skilled doctor syphilis can result in painful mutilation, heart disease, paralysis and insanity, any of which may cause death. Gonorrhœa is a cause of sterility in both sexes, chronic ill-health, and many other disabilities. The late effects of syphilis and gonorrhœa are the most terrible.

Can Venereal Diseases be cured?
Yes, but only by prompt and thorough treatment by a specialist doctor. Quack treatment and self-treatment are useless and even dangerous. Disappearance of the early symptoms does not necessarily mean cure. ONLY A DOCTOR CAN TELL WHEN IT IS SAFE TO STOP TREATMENT.

Free confidential advice and treatment are available at special clinics. These are sometimes attached to hospitals. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the local Health Department or the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, London, W.C.1. All replies are sent in plain envelopes.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.
(VD.4-37)

£500 EXTRA CASH for XWORDS!

Start NOW in "John Bull's" grand, big £500 Xword Tournament—by simply competing for this week's £100 First Prize and Runners-up Awards value £25. If by Xword 320 you have won a prize of any kind (First or Runner-up) in ANY TWO CONSECUTIVE CONTESTS, you automatically share EXTRA £500 CASH with any other Competitors who have similarly qualified in the course of Tournament.

ENTER on COUPON BELOW

£100 FIRST CASH PRIZE

£25

Xword No. 324 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d. Entry-fee for 1 Col.					3d.	3d.	3d.
1 CRACKSMAN MUST FEEL ESPECIALLY FURIOUS WHEN INTERRUPTED BY		B	O		B	Y		
2 IT'S AMUSING TO WATCH KIDDIES DO THIS	S	K	I					
3 HIGH ONE SHOULDN'T BE PLACED OUT OF REACH OF ORDINARY MAN		R	A		K			
4 PEOPLE SEEM RELUCTANT TO LEARN FROM					A	S	T	
5 RULER IS OCCASIONALLY LITTLE MORE THAN THIS	F	O	O					
6 TERRIBLE SHOCK HAS BEEN KNOWN TO LEAVE A MAN					U	M	B	
7 UNRULY, OBNOXIOUS BOY IS SOON THIS BY INTELLIGENT TEACHER		T	A		E	D		
8 ANYTHING OF THIS KIND IS APT TO BE DIFFICULT TO SWALLOW		B	O		U	S		
9 SUGGESTION CONVEYED BY ONE MAY WELL HELP AGRICULTURALIST	H	I	N					
10 THERE ARE PASSENGERS IT DOESN'T PAY TO HAVE IN THIS			T		A	M		
11 LISTENING TO THESE COMMONLY CAUSES QUITE A FLUTTER	B	A	N		S			
12 WHAT SOME STREET-CORNER ORATORS SEEM TO LACK			S		A	P		
13 IN CHEMISTRY, WHEN HIGH SOMETIMES SHOWS UNEXPECTED SPIRIT					A	M	E	
14 THESE ARE FREQUENTLY TRICKY		R	U		E	S		

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated June 5.

P.O. Value ..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, MAY 24.

Signed .....

Address .....

328

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest or one share of Tournament £500, allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword coupons FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilitated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest, to appear in "John Bull" dated June 12, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

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£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 30/- 35/- 34/- 32/- 30/-

25 BIG 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, June 4.

HITLER'S INNINGS
BLOOD AND TOIL
FOR EVERY MAN
OVER HERE
READY FOR ACTION
FROM DAWN TO DUSK
ONE DAY
PEOPLE AT HOME
RADIO WARFARE
CONQUERING HERO
IN THE DANGER ZONE

BULLETS 1,372 RESULT appears on page 14.

WON'T BE LONG
BIT OF BLUFF
IT HURTS, BUT
TOO LITTLE
WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT
DAD v. WEEDS
TO CLOSE THE GAP
GRANDPA'S PENSION
ALARM AND DESPONDENCY

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

GIFT FROM THE.....
WHEN WE START .....
MAKE THEM.....AND
SENT TO.....
CALLS FOR.....
LIKE THE OLD.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated June 5.

P.O. Value.....
No. ..... Closing Postmark, Monday, May 24. 1,376

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,376—or Xword No. 328, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Mother! Constipated Child needs 'California Syrup of Figs'

Hurry Mother! A teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative now will sweeten the stomach and thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the pleasant taste of this gentle, harmless laxative. It never gripes or overacts.

Ask your chemist for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

Prices 1/4 and 2/6. Mother, be sure to ask for 'CALIFORNIA Syrup of Figs.' Obtainable everywhere.

SCO CLEANS COOKERS QUICKLY

Sco removes hard baked on grease from ovens, burners, shelves, grids, etc., without scouring or scrubbing. Sco is odourless, speedy, efficient, economical.

NO BRUSH REQUIRED.

Bottles 7½d. *(whilst available)*

Large Tins 10½d.

From Ironmongers, Grocers & Woolworths

Sco Manufacturing, Charlbury, Oxford.

PEOPLE COULD WASTE A LOT MORE MONEY... WE SHALL HAVE TO WORK OVERTIME
TOUGH JOB, TOO, NOW THAT PEOPLE ARE GETTING KEENER ON SAVING!

The SQUANDER BUG

WILL GET YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!

When the Squander Bugs put their heads together there's trouble brewing! They're out to stop your money helping the war. They'll do all they can to prevent you having a little 'nest-egg when peace comes. Fortunately, more and more sensible people are defeating them by buying Savings Certificates regularly each week. Are *you* one of them?

Savings Certificates costing 15/- are worth 20/6 in 10 years—increase free of income tax. They can be bought outright, or by instalments with 6d., 2/6 or 5/- Savings Stamps through your Savings Group or Centre or at any Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank. Buy now!

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

Why Shouldn't You 'FEEL FINE' All The Time

TO go through each day with brightness and zest depends upon internal health and the good spirits that go with it.

Bile Beans tone you up and improve your health and looks. Purifying the blood and gently eliminating food-wastes and harmful toxins, these fine vegetable pills clear the skin and keep you fit, vital and slim. You make sure of "feeling fine" if you—

Just Remember Nightly

BILE BEANS

Men are charmed to meet the girl with that

Schoolgirl Complexion

Her skin is so attractive. That's because she always uses Palmolive. Its rich, velvety, olive-oil lather beautifies as it cleanses—gives her a natural beauty treatment from head to toe. It will do the same for you—keep you "schoolgirl complexion" all over!

PALMOLIVE

3½d. *Including Tax*

His teeth need YOUR care-

Mother, you can do something for your child for which he will thank you throughout his life. By taking proper care now you can ensure his having sound teeth when he grows up. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'*, which corrects acid-mouth—so often the cause of dental decay.

The toothpaste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant mild flavour.

Sold everywhere 1/1d. and 1/10½d.

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

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From the pain and torment of septic skin complaints Dettol Ointment brings relief and healing. It calms the irritation, it relieves the inflammation, and sinks deeply into the tissues to destroy those germs which by their poisons make healing both difficult and slow.

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From all Chemists, 1/5 includes tax

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JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1927

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that needs

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